

NOSLEEP EBOOK



2014 - ISSUE 2

Front Matter

Before jumping right in to the gory festivities, I have a few things to mention. First, the winner of the April monthly contest, [LeoDuhVinvi](#), requested that his story not be added to the eBook as it is already available [on Amazon](#). In addition, the fourth runner up, [TheRealDrMargin](#), has similarly declined being featured in the eBook as he is in the process of publishing his work. As a result, the April section will be a little light. Second, I've started advertising on the eBook homepage. I don't want the place to be filled with meaningless ads, so I'm only linking to works of reddit authors that are available on Amazon. If you have work available on Amazon that you would like to see advertised on the site, PM me on reddit: [EtTuTortilla](#).

As per /r/nosleep rules, only the first part of a series post may be entered in the monthly contest. As such, only the first part of a series can win. However, at the request of several authors and readers, all parts of a winning series will be featured in the eBook from this issue forth. If a series is not concluded at the time of the eBook compiling, the finished parts will be included but publishing of the eBook will not wait for all series to be concluded.

The official home of the nosleep eBook is [nosleepebook.wordpress.com](#). All past eBooks are available on the site free of charge in .mobi, .epub, and .pdf formats.

The eBook is compiled by [/u/EtTuTortilla](#). You can read his work at [The Brass Wyrm](#), [Filmalogical](#), [/u/DylanTJefferson](#), and [/u/OsoBrazos](#).

Congratulations to [/u/Killhouse](#), who won the nosleep eBook Cover Art Contest for this issue! You can view other impressive art by this user at [roryedd.com](#).

[/u/AsForClass](#) and [/u/littlepangolin](#) also submitted some superb work to the contest, which is used to separate the months from one another. You can see more of AsForClass's work on [Facebook](#), [tumblr](#), and [Twitter](#).

Happy reading!

April 2014

CHANNEL 6; or, Everyone in my apartment building is dead, and there are men in suits outside my door

by [george_lass](#)

AUTHOR'S NOTE: I apologize for the length of this post. It's a copy and paste from a journal entry I typed for my own personal reasons and needed to include as many details as I possibly could.

It's been a week since I had first noticed things were "off" with all of the residents in my apartment building. I would link you an article to whatever's happened, but there is no story. I would tell you the city I lived in, even the apartment building's name, but you won't find anything about it except its website and different review sites for it. I don't know how long this post will stay on r/nosleep before it gets deleted, but I'm going to post it anyway.

So, a week ago I come home from a long day of work and just want to get inside my apartment, kick off my shoes, strip to my boxers, and eat and sleep. I live on the eighth floor out of fourteen, but that's not really important.

My neighbor from across the hallway was just leaving her apartment as I approached my door. I'd seen her plenty of times, but we've barely talked and have said nothing more than "hi" to one another when passing each other. But when she saw me, she smiled and said, "Hey, how's it going?"

I gave a short response, not expecting an actual conversation and also just wanting to get inside and be left alone. But instead she walked up to me and introduced herself. Let's call her Hannah (but I'm sure that even if I gave you her real name, you wouldn't find anything about her online. Not even a Facebook profile or anything).

I gave her my name and proceeded to unlock my door (my universal sign of "leave me alone") but she persisted on having a conversation with me. It wasn't even a "getting to know me" conversation, but more like a survey:

"Do you watch TV?"

No, I don't. I'm not one of those snobs who thinks I'm better off without TV. I just don't. There's nothing on cable that interests me. I have Netflix and Hulu, and the news is the Internet.

"Do you have a TV?"

"Yes."

"Have you been watching the local station lately? Channel 6?"

I've seen programming on Channel 6 before. It's nothing more than just poor quality talk shows that probably nobody watches except old people or those who want something playing in the background while they do something else. Nothing special. "No," I said. "Why?"

"You should just watch it. They've been broadcasting this new show all day and I am hooked."

She didn't say anything else. Instead, she just stared at me with wide, green eyes and a smile that very slowly stretched across her face.

I waited for her to say something else, but she just stood there, literally six inches away from my face. That's when I noticed how close she was to me. She actually managed to get right in my face without me even noticing.

"What is it?"

"Just watch it," she said. She didn't even blink, and the smile remained the same.

My door was unlocked; I stepped inside to allow some space between us. In an almost sarcastic tone, I said, "Yeah. Okay. Nice meeting you." And then I shut the door.

I felt uneasy. Nauseous. A quick chill went down my spine and I had the urge to look through the peephole. Yep, she was still standing there, looking at the door with those wide, green eyes and a big, toothy smile. Actually, she was looking through the door. She was looking at me. Her eyes stared straight through the peephole into mine. And very slowly she turned and walked away.

I did my usual routine of kicking off my shoes, stripping down to my skivvies and grabbing last night's leftovers as I sat on the couch and turned on the TV to get to Netflix (I have one of those cool Visio TVs with different apps such as Netflix and Amazon and stuff). Curiosity got the best of me though. I decided to check out Channel 6 real quick before going about my routine.

Static.

That's it. Static.

I watched for a good minute or two. The station must've gotten knocked out or disconnected. Thanks, Hannah, this is really interesting.

That night as I was getting ready for bed, all was quiet in my apartment when I suddenly heard a loud BANG. It rumbled throughout my apartment, and my glass of water that I had by my bed even vibrated like in Jurassic Park. Whatever caused the noise shook the whole building, but afterward it was completely silent. I looked out my window to see if maybe it was a small explosion or a crash or something, but the night was still; the city was asleep.

The next day as I was leaving for work, I once again ran into Hannah on my way out. She opened her door just as I opened mine and her face lit up when she saw me. She had that smile and those wide eyes again.

"Did you watch it?" She asked.

"Yeah, but I got nothing but static. I think the station was down."

"No, that's the program!" She said excitedly. "Wasn't it great? I can't wait to watch it again tonight."

At this point, I was severely confused and also running late for work. "I gotta go," I said as I walked down the hallway. She followed behind me.

"Are you going to watch it tonight?"

I snuck a look behind me and saw that she was following extremely close behind me. I quickened my pace and she fell behind a bit but continued to follow. "Probably not," I said, sneaking a peek over my shoulder every so often. I reached the elevator and called for it. She stood next to me and never

took her eyes off of me. I'm not normally one for confrontation but she was beginning to bother me rather badly. I was about to say something when the doors opened. I walked inside and pressed the lobby button. As I turned to face the doors, I noticed that Hannah never got inside the elevator. She stood there staring at me as the doors closed.

That evening, I didn't see Hannah when I got home from work, thank God. This was why I don't become friends with my neighbors, or anybody in the apartment buildings I've lived in. You never know what kind of weirdos you'd be living next to and I honestly felt safer living around strangers than freaks that I personally knew.

I brought up Netflix and prepared to watch another movie, but the Channel 6 station buzzed in my mind and I felt compelled to change it to that channel and see if they were actually broadcasting something instead of just static like Hannah told me.

I turned to the channel and was brought to a bright screen of static and the loud hissing noise that accompanied it. I stared at the screen for no longer than a minute or two, just like last time. I was waiting for something to start playing, but it was the same scattered noise. I grabbed my remote to change it back to Netflix when I thought I saw something flash across the screen, but I dismissed it almost immediately. It's TV static. If you look at it long enough, you'll see something.

I was just finishing watching Netflix when I heard the same loud BANG again. I stared up above me, thinking it was my upstairs neighbor, and I actually said out loud, "What the fuck" but was quickly cut off by yet another loud BANG, which again seemed like it shook the entire building. Not knowing what to do, I walked into my kitchen/living room area and looked around like a confused animal. The chandelier light above my kitchen table rocked side to side slightly. I heard doors outside my apartment shut quietly, and I heard my upstairs neighbor slowly walk from their door, across the apartment and into their living room. After that, it was completely silent.

The next day was my day off. I called up the apartment leasing office and told them about the past two nights with the loud banging noises. They seemed just as confused as I was but I told them there was really no other way I could explain it. They told me that if it continued happening to record it on video and show it to them, but other than that, there was really nothing they could do. That made me wonder if it happened at a certain time of night and decided to see if it would happen again that night. After the phone call, I went throughout my day of doing nothing like I always do on my days off. I tried reading a book, but was distracted by a slight buzzing in my head that just wouldn't leave no matter how hard I tried to make it go away. The buzzing sounded a bit similar to TV static, and made me think of Channel 6. The moment I thought of it, the buzzing faded away, and I felt the urge to turn on the TV to Channel 6.

Static.

Nothing had changed since the first two times I'd tried watching it. This time, I actually put in more time and effort of watching it. I had nothing better to do, but this time I was genuinely curious about why exactly there was nothing but static.

Like I had mentioned earlier, if you stare at TV static long enough, you'll start seeing things. It's all a part of the mind. I think it's called, like, pareidolia or something. Basically it's when you see faces or images in abstract imagery. Anyway, that's what started happening. I could feel myself getting

nauseous again and my vision started to blur a bit. I wanted to look away from the TV screen, but I couldn't. That's when I started seeing the flashes. They looked like numbers. I couldn't really make them out since they flashed so quickly. The hissing noise started to get to me so I muted the TV, but I could still hear a faint buzzing. I thought it was feedback in my hearing, but it sounded distant, like it was coming from something else. Somewhere else.

I shut off the TV and sat on my couch. I must've dozed off because when I woke up, it was dark out. I looked at my kitchen clock. 11:59 PM. I sat up and noticed that my TV was on, playing the same static. I didn't even remember turning my TV back on, but the hiss of the static started giving me a headache. I turned the TV off, and at that exact moment, I heard it again.

BANG

My heart jumped out of my chest and I looked at the clock. It was midnight.

BANG

I stood up. My walls rumbled, the pictures that hung from them shook. I ran to my window to see if I could see anything outside that could possibly be making the noise, but it was too dark and there wasn't much movement outside.

BANG

There was that third one, on the third night that I'd been hearing those noises when they started. It clicked almost immediately.

I ran over to the door to go out in the hall and see if anyone else heard it. I was sure they did, but when I reached the door, I stopped and listened. Doors shut quietly on the other side of mine. I looked through the peephole at Hannah's door. I saw just a glimpse of her as she slipped into her dark apartment, and her door was the last to click shut.

I woke up extra early the next morning, quickly got dressed for work and hastily left my apartment and knocked on Hannah's door. She opened it, dressed and ready for the day, her green eyes still wide, her smile still big.

"Did you hear that banging last night?" I immediately asked. She didn't even flinch at, what I considered, my strange question.

"Yes."

"What was it, do you know?"

"Yes."

I waited for her to say more, but she didn't. She just stared and smiled.

"Well, what was it?"

"Have you watched Channel 6 yet?"

Her question caught me off guard a bit and I stuttered as I tried to repeat my question. She just stared at me. Those wide green eyes and toothy smile. I grew nauseous once again. My headache started to return. I turned and left for work.

The entire day I felt sick and my headache never went away, no matter what I did to appease it all. I decided to leave work early and go home and rest. On my way home, I thought I saw static playing on

the TVs at the coffee shop down the street from me.

I tried to take a nap but the persistent buzzing in my head kept me awake. I managed to get to sleep, and when I woke up, it was dark out. I looked at the clock. 11:59. I grabbed my cellphone and turned on the video camera and pressed record and waited. Midnight struck.

BANG

BANG

BANG

BANG

Four times, and the building shook harder than the last three nights. The next day I called in sick for work and emailed the video to the leasing office. From that day on, I still haven't heard back from them. I've been trying to call but I continue to get a busy tone.

The nights grew worse. I started to lose sleep, and came the fifth night came five more bangs. I noticed myself watching Channel 6 a lot more, and I started seeing more images flash across the static. Numbers. They seemed like some kind of countdown. The first time I noticed the numbers they were at the number six. I haven't seen anything else flash across the screen except these numbers.

Last night (night six) while watching the static, I saw that the number was down to one.

I unplugged my TV. The hissing noise from Channel 6's static made my head feel like it was splitting open. I ran to the toilet and dry heaved until I almost passed out. The bathroom started to spin and my vision slowly started to blur. The buzzing faded into my head until it was the only thing I could hear. I shouted for help but I couldn't even hear myself scream. I crawled out of the bathroom and saw that my TV was on even though I unplugged it. Channel 6 was broadcasting its static. The buzzing grew louder but this time it felt like it was coming from everywhere. I grabbed my phone to call the police, but I heard only TV static on the other line.

I looked at the time on my phone. 11:58. I managed to gather enough strength to pull myself up to my feet. I could feel my stomach twist and turn, and my mouth watered with saliva as the urge to vomit peaked. My head felt like it was getting pulled apart. I stumbled to my front door as if I was drunk and unlocked it. I threw myself into the hallway and collapsed to the floor. I for sure thought I was going to die.

That's when every door in the hallway opened simultaneously. Everybody in each apartment stepped outside into the hallway: men, women, children, elderly people, everyone. Even Hannah stepped out of her apartment at the same moment as everyone else. They all had a large grin on their face, their eyes wide as if they were surprised or excited.

Slowly, they all turned and shut their doors. They stared at their doors quietly, standing as still as statues. I tried calling for Hannah to help me, but the buzzing sound muted my voice. I was convinced that even she couldn't hear me. I attempted to call the police again, but was too delirious to even unlock my phone. I looked at the time. 11:59 switched to 12:00 midnight.

BANG

The buzzing in my head—or wherever it was coming from—immediately disappeared without a trace. I looked up.

BANG

What the fuck.

BANG

Everybody, at the same time—

BANG

—smashing their heads against the doors—

BANG

—the walls, harder and harder and HARDER AND HARDER

BANG

And that made six.

I stared in disbelief at what I just saw.

“What the fuck is happening?!” I screamed. Slowly, everybody turned and stared at me. Stared at me with those wide, excited eyes. Stared at me with those grins that stretched past their mouths, their teeth seemed to have grown in size. Everyone looked almost cartoonish. Some people even had blood trickling from their foreheads.

And they just stared.

Like cattle in a factory, they all turned simultaneously to face their doors again, opened them, and walked inside their apartments. The hallway echoed with the clicks of the doors closing, and I was left in silence, sitting in my own piss that I involuntarily released out of fear and confusion.

I didn't sleep last night. I couldn't. All I could think about was what I had seen in the hallway. All I could think about was Channel 6. All I could think about was that fucking static. I even put my ear up against each of my neighboring walls, and from each wall I could hear static on the other side. Or, at least I think I could.

It's now today. The seventh day. I wasn't prepared for what the seventh day would bring me.

I wanted to get out of my apartment building. I'm in no shape to go into work, so I decided to go for a walk and clear my thoughts, or attempt to. As I opened my door, it was as if I pushed a button to open everyone else's door. Everyone, including myself, stepped out of their apartment at the same time. We all shut our doors at the same time. Everyone stood in front of their door and stared across the hallway, stared off into the distance past across the hallway. Big smiles. Big eyes.

I stood there for what seemed like hours watching everyone. I slipped in my earbuds to listen to music, but when I pressed play, I heard nothing but static and ripped my earbuds out of my ears.

I mustered up the courage to walk down the hallway toward the elevator. I took a quick peek behind me. Every single person in the hallway followed, Hannah at the front of the line. I could feel her breathing down my neck, that's how close she was behind me. I picked up my pace and so did they. My heart was racing and I nearly tripped over myself as I turned the corner to the elevator. I pressed the DOWN button and the doors opened immediately and I stepped inside and turned around. Everyone crowded in front of the elevator but nobody got inside. Somehow I managed to find words to speak. “Are you going down?”

“No. We’re going up.” Someone said.

“To the top floor?” I asked.

“Higher,” Hannah said with her big, proud grin.

The doors closed.

I walked through the apartment building lobby, out of the apartment building doors, and didn’t manage to get more than thirty feet from the building when I heard a woman nearby exclaim, “Oh my God!”

I looked at her then looked at where she was looking.

Up. The top of the building. Hundreds of people on the roof standing at the edge.

They were all holding hands, and in one swift movement they walked over the edge. They didn’t jump, they just...fell.

It was a graceful scene as they all fell without care. Nobody flailed or thrashed in fear or at an attempt to grab on to something. It was as if they were waiting to be caught in the hands of God like a net. And then it was over. Hundreds of lives, gone in an instant. Men. Women. Children. People of all ages, hitting the ground in unison. Their bones sounded like the crack of a baseball bat as it hits the ball, louder than I’ve ever heard before.

The woman screamed. I can’t even remember if I reacted, but I was in definite shock. I ran to the bodies surrounding the building, but I knew they were all dead. Nobody could survive a fourteen-story fall. The first body I saw was Hannah’s. Her green eyes were still wide in excitement, her smile still bigger than ever.

Now I’m in my apartment. Everyone in my building is dead, and there are men in suits outside my door. The headache is worse than ever, and I’ve already vomited six times today. I have Channel 6 playing in the background despite the hiss of the static, and I have blood trickling down my face from when I banged my head against my bathroom mirror. Banging my head against something seems to help the headaches and nausea go away. I hit my head against the mirror enough to crack it, and there were multiple reflections of me. Me and my wide eyes and big smile.

The Girl in the Log

by [Fillimilli](#)

I always hated visiting my grandpa's old cabin. That might make me seem spoiled or ungrateful. What kid doesn't enjoy seeing her grandpa? Especially considering he was the only grandparent I had ever known. Both of my mom's parents were killed in a car accident before I was born, and my dad's mom walked out on him when he was very young. He still doesn't know where she is or if she's even alive. So that only leaves my paternal grandfather. My parents desperately wanted me to have a good relationship with him. My dad insisted that, although Grandpa was stern and quiet, he really did love me. He just didn't know how to express it. I figured that was probably true, but it didn't change the fact that trips to his house were filled with idle hours watching television and reading while he worked during the day, followed by awkwardly silent dinners in the evenings. I rarely saw him, and he seldom spoke in any loving way. He just kept a wary eye on me, like he was waiting for me to break something of his or talk out of line.

Still, my parents insisted on sending me to spend a week with him every summer since I was ten- old enough to look after myself for the day. I had visited his isolated cabin in the woods several times before with my parents, but this would be the first time I stayed overnight by myself.

There were no kids my age around, or neighbors of any age for that matter, so I would have to pass the time by myself. This may sound awful for a ten year old girl, but I was used to being alone. I was an only child and was always a bit of an introvert. Truthfully, I knew I probably wouldn't be able to make new friends even if I had the option.

So, on my first day at the cabin, I set out into the woods with a Nancy Drew book tucked under my arm to find a peaceful area to read, away from the musty "old person" smell of the cabin.

After walking for a while, I found a little clearing illuminated by the sun breaking through the trees. Pushed against a large oak and surrounded by pretty flowers, was a large hollow log. The whole scene reminded me of a place where the characters in my stories would have their adventures, so I decided to make this little clearing my own special spot for the next six days. I plunked myself onto the center of the log, leaned against the trunk of the oak tree, and began to read, thinking that I might be able to enjoy my week here after all.

I was incredibly comfortable in my new place. The smell of the flowers, the hum of the insects around me, and the gentle breeze soon had me drifting to sleep, content with the feeling of nature.

The wonder was gone when I suddenly awoke hours later to find that the sun had set. The moonlight cast eerie shadows on the ground. The trees that felt so welcoming during the day were spooky silhouettes against the darkness, bending and snapping in the wind. The insects' pleasant buzz was replaced with a distant howl and the low hoot of a nearby owl. The dry leaves scraped across the forest floor beside me with a rustle that chilled me to the bone.

I sat up on the log, rubbing my eyes and attempting to clear my sleep-fogged mind. Just as I was realizing the trouble I would surely be in for coming home so late, I heard it. To my left, at the end of the log, I heard a voice say two words.

“Hello, Ella.”

I froze. I have never felt so cold, so vulnerable. There was something wrong with that voice. It was too creaky. Too low. Too dry. I heard the leaves scrape across the ground again, but I felt no more wind. The air was oddly still. The realization suddenly hit me that this creepy rustling noise was not leaves; it was the low, raspy giggle of whoever had spoken. They were laughing. Laughing at me. Slowly, I turned to the source of the awful laugh, and felt my blood freeze at the sight beside me. A little girl crouched at the end of the log, her cracked and bloody fingernails scraping the dark wood. Her hair was probably blonde, but it was also slick with dark red blood, pouring from the horrible gash on the side of her head. The blood trickled onto her grey, bruised face. Her eyes were bloodshot, as though she had been crying for hours, maybe even days. But I could only assume she eventually ran out of tears and decided instead... to smile.

Oh, God. That smile...

A grin stretched unnaturally wide on her bruised face, clashing with the sadness of her eyes, giving her the look of one who has truly gone insane. Her teeth were mostly stained with blood, but the parts that were not shone white. Bright white. She continued to giggle, but did not part her teeth. She giggled through them and stretched that grin even more as she watched me.

She sprang from her crouched position on the ground and perched beside me on the log. The movement was so sudden that I clambered back, crashing onto the soft ground and staring in wide-eyed terror at the thing above me. She giggled louder at my terror, sounding like the static on a phone, and tilted her head to the left as she observed me. She tilted it so far that I could swear I heard her bones cracking, before she spoke.

“You’re scared,” she said, grin never wavering, head still tilted. It was not a question, but I could somehow tell that she wanted a response. I tried to speak, but all that escaped was a pitiful squeak. I then did what any child would do- what most adults would probably do in this situation- I peed myself.

The creature noticed, her awful eyes observing the growing darkness on my jeans, and let out a hiss of delight.

“Good,” it said.

At this point, my mind finally gained control of my body, and I managed to get up and RUN. I got back on the path and was out of there. The girl didn’t chase me. She stayed perched on that log like some gruesome bird, and continued to laugh.

I couldn’t get away from that laugh. It didn’t get quiet as I ran. On the contrary, it continued to get louder and louder the closer I got to my grandpa’s cabin. Only when I reached the yard did it start to fade. By the time I threw open the door to the house, it was only a whisper. Once I raced through the living room, down the hall, and into my bedroom, it was barely audible. Just before it faded completely away, I heard it say one more thing, so softly I wasn’t certain I’d heard correctly:

“Better lock the door.”

And it was gone. No whisper. No laugh. I turned on the light switch and slammed the bedroom door, leaning against it to catch my breath.

“Where have you been?” a gruff voice demanded from behind me.

I spun around, thinking for one horrible second that the creature had followed me home, and breathed a sigh of relief when I saw my grandpa kneeling beside my bed.

I began to stutter about dead little girls and chilling grins and evil laughs. My grandpa rolled his eyes and cut me off before I’d formed one coherent sentence.

“Whatever, I don’t care,” he grumbled, climbing to his feet. “Enough excuses. You’re home now. But know that you won’t get off easy next time. No crazy ghost story will help if this happens again.”

I was devastated. He didn’t believe me. Of course he didn’t. What adult would? Definitely none like my mean old grandpa.

“Something smells,” he griped, wrinkling his nose and glaring at me. “What’s all over your pants?” Oh. Right.

“I, uh, I wet myself,” I admitted quietly, blushing at my shoes. “When I got scared.”

“Ugh!” Grandpa groaned, disgusted. “I thought you were old enough to be done with that sick crap. Clean up and get to bed. I’m not going through this every night.”

My loving grandfather then stomped out of the room, ignoring my apologies, and slammed the door. Great guy, that gramps of mine.

Admitting defeat, I changed into my nightgown and clean panties, putting the soiled ones in the washer. I felt better. As mean as my grandpa could be, he’s still an adult who I knew would protect me from whatever was in the woods. After all, the giggling had stopped once I reached the guest bedroom. I felt safe there.

Until I went to bed.

Still on edge, I left the lights on and read a funny book to calm me down. I was beginning to drift off, feeling safe and warm, when I heard the dry, raspy voice say the words I would never forget.

“You didn’t lock the door, Ella.”

I shot straight up and looked at the window. There she was. Both hands pressed against the glass. Grinning that awful grin. The wild red eyes looking from me, to the door. The unlocked door. The giggle was mocking me, celebrating that she would win even though she gave me a head start. She continued to laugh as I flew from the bed to the door and locked it. As I heard the satisfying ‘click,’ I heard her croak, “Never forget.”

It stopped. She was no longer at the window. The raspy chuckle was not heard.

I didn’t go back to the woods that week. I stayed in the house to watch the news and read. Boring was good. Boring was safe.

I locked my bedroom door every night, and every night I woke up to the rattle of someone trying to get inside my room. The doorknob would shake loudly as the creature would grow frustrated with its resistance; the banging against the strong, wooden door would shake my bed. I never moved nor made a sound. I waited for her to give up, which she would. The shaking would stop, and I would hear low, deep breaths just outside the door. Sometimes the breathing would cease after a few moments, and sometimes it would follow me into my dreams. But it was always gone in the morning.

Years went by. I continued visiting my grandpa for one week during every summer, and I continued to spend the days indoors. Locking the door became a ritual, and I knew to expect the rattling as the creature tried to get to me. It no longer phased me. Part of the reason for my lack of fear was that I knew that the thing couldn't get past my locked door (for whatever reason) but I also wasn't afraid because I was fascinated.

The incident had sparked an interest in the paranormal. I was no longer a frightened child; I was a know-it-all teenager. I wanted to know more about the ghoulish girl. Who was she? How did she know my name? Why did she tell me exactly how to escape her? There came a point where my curiosity out-weighed my fear. I had a chance to encounter something few people ever will. I could find answers others would never find. That is why, when I was fifteen, I made the decision to unlock the door and confront the spirit.

I was an idiot.

The first night of my stay that summer, I got ready for bed and closed the door, resisting the natural urge to lock it. I tried to ignore the heavy dread that settled on me as I climbed into bed. I had made up my mind. I would no longer be a scared little girl.

So I waited. I had no intentions to sleep that night. I pulled out my iPad and played some games, alert to every creak and groan of the old house.

It was close to midnight when I heard them. Footsteps. Coming toward my room. This was it. I froze. Goosebumps all over my body. My heart pounding out of my chest. I set my iPad aside and watched the door that protected me for so long.

The doorknob slowly turned. I held my breath. The door was opening. This all happened in just a few seconds, but it felt like hours.

The door was completely open now, revealing a larger silhouette than I expected. I fumbled for the lamp next to my bed, grabbed the thin chain, and tugged. Light flooded the room to reveal...

...my grandpa.

I laughed. I couldn't help it. The relief was overpowering. There was nothing to fear. My disappointment that I would not discover the secrets of the dead was pushed aside by the sheer joy that I was safe. No dead girl stood before me. It was only my grandpa, smiling at me in a way he never has before as he stepped into my room.

"Grandpa! You scared me," I laughed, pushing my hair back with shaking hands.

"You left the door unlocked for me," he noted, smiling warmly and closing the door softly behind him.

"Yeah, I did." I couldn't stop laughing at my own foolishness for leaving it locked for so long.

"I knew you'd come around, pretty girl," my grandpa whispered, sitting beside me and tucking a strand of hair behind my ear. "I knew I just had to be patient for you."

Uh. What was he talking about?

"I could have unlocked it myself," he continued. "I have the key, of course. I thought many times about using it. But I resisted. I knew I had to give you the choice to let me in. It's more special that way. I knew you'd come around."

This wasn't my grandpa. My grandpa was strict and never smiled; he never had a kind word to say.

My grandpa doesn't sit on my bed and touch my hair. And he certainly doesn't run his hand up my thigh like he's doing right now...

"Stop it!" I cried, slapping his hand away and jumping out of bed. "What are you doing?!"

A flicker of surprise passed his face quickly before he relaxed back into that sickly sweet smile.

"Honey, I won't hurt you. Just come back to bed and we'll take it easy."

This wasn't happening. This couldn't be happening. I felt like I was going to vomit. I wanted something paranormal, something otherworldly. But this... this was real. Far too real.

"Shy all of a sudden?" the man on my bed asked, chuckling. "Allow me to break the ice, then."

With that, he grabbed my hand and pinned me onto his lap before I had a chance to react. With surprising strength, he squeezed me arms to my sides and silenced my cries with a crushing kiss.

No. No! NO!

Summoning all my strength, I broke away from him and tore out of the room. I heard his surprised yelp and his pounding footsteps as he quickly chased after me, but I didn't look back. I hurried out of the cabin and, ghost or no ghost, I was heading for the woods.

I wasn't sure where I was going or what to do. I just ran as fast as I could, my grandfather right on my heels cursing and screeching that I would regret this. I ran, hoping there would be a house on the other side of the woods. Or maybe he would trip and break something. Or maybe he would grow tired and give up. I didn't know.

We reached the clearing where I had met the little girl five years earlier, and I was struck with an insane idea. I'm not sure what I expected to happen, I just knew what my grandpa was threatening and I was desperate to stop him.

I raced to the old log and fell to my hands and knees, peering into the hollow darkness within.

"Help!" I screamed, my panicked voice echoing back to me. "Please, help! It was unlocked! The door was..."

Two strong hands grabbed my shoulders and whirled me around. I was looking into the face of the lunatic I once called "Grandpa." His eyes rolled wildly in his head, his thin white hair stuck out at odd angles, and his mouth was twisted into a furious snarl. Panting and heaving, his red face was full of hatred and contempt for me. I saw no love there. No mercy.

"You," he wheezed, "are going to regret..."

He stopped. I heard something move behind me, and his eyes widened in terror as he gaped over my shoulder. With a scream, he pushed me away and jumped back. I fell on my butt and backed away, turning toward my savior.

Her skin was still grey and her wound was still bleeding. That impossibly wide grin was still plastered across her bruised cheeks. Her eyes, however, were no longer sad. They glowed triumphantly as she approached my whimpering grandfather.

"Y-you!" he stammered, falling backwards and attempting to scramble away, seemingly unable to break eye contact with the dead girl.

She chuckled as she watched his horror. Giggled louder when he let out a painful cry and clutched his

chest. Giggled louder still as he fell to his side, clawing at his heart. Laughed harder and louder than ever when he turned his head toward the night sky, the life fading from his eyes.

I squeezed my eyes shut, my back against a tree, and prayed for it to end soon. It did. The girl's laugh faded away, whispering one last message: "Goodbye, Ella."

The next day, I called the police to let them know that I had gone for a hike that morning, only to stumble upon the corpse of my beloved grandpa. Some nice officers arrived to comfort me and get my statement before driving me home. The cause of death was a heart attack. Some people thought it was odd that he had been in the woods when he died, but no one questioned too much. It wasn't unheard of for him to take late night walks.

I didn't tell my parents what happened. I didn't think there would be a point. It would only cause more pain. He was dead. That was all that mattered. I even went to help them clean out his old cabin. I was tasked with boxing up the books. As I pulled an old photo album off the shelf, I managed to let it slip through my fingers and hit the floor, sending poorly secured photos flying everywhere.

Cursing my clumsiness, I bent down to gather them all. I picked up the photo closest to my feet, and froze.

It was her. Sitting on the porch of my house, holding a baby and grinning a wide grin that was much more pleasant when it matched her eyes. Her skin was creamy white and her cheeks were rosy. No wound spilled blood onto her beautiful blonde hair, but there was no doubt: this was the grinning girl I had feared for so long.

I hollered for my father and asked who she was. Looking at the photo, he paused for a long moment as tears filled his eyes.

"Well, the baby is you. And the girl holding you, she's your sister. Abby."

He looked at me with a sad smile.

"Sorry, kiddo," he said softly. "We weren't trying to hide her from you or anything. It's just... difficult to talk about. She died when she was ten. You were barely a year old. We should've told you all of this sooner but, we weren't sure how to go about it. At some point, I guess we just decided to let it go, figuring it would come up when the time was right."

I could hardly register what he was saying. I heard myself ask how she died.

"She was playing in these woods out here, running around and having fun, when she tripped. Banged her head on a log and died instantly. She was found in the same general area they found my dad..."

At these words, he broke down in fresh tears. I comforted him numbly, knowing I would never tell him what I knew in my heart. He need never question his idea that his daughter was playing happily before she died. It would be cruel to tell him that Abby died running away in terror of the man he called "Dad." Nor would he ever know how long her spirit lingered in that place, unable to rest in peace until she had warned the sister she knew so briefly of the danger, only leaving once the monster was dead.

Looking at the photograph of the smiling girl who held me so securely in her arms, I could only think of two words as my eyes filled with tears.

"Thanks, sis."

The Artist

by [numbe9](#)

There's this painting my wife loves, called "[Death and Life](#)", by Klimt. I don't know what she finds so fascinating about it. I made all the right noises when she showed me her beloved framed print when we were first dating, oohing and ahing and making up some bullshit about warm and cold color schemes and the specific choice of angles and line. She was an artist, our first few dates involved long walks through museums, starting in Picasso's blue period and ending in heavy petting and blue balls.

I took an art history course as an elective when I was finishing up my doctorate, I remembered enough of the lingo to charm my fantastically gorgeous future wife and lure her back to my stupidly filthy apartment. We're talking me as the foul bachelor frog, sitting on a lily pad made of empty take out containers surrounded by pond of enough unwashed clothes to keep a laundromat in business for a cool 6 months.

I remember scrambling to find 2 of any sort of cup-like container for the bottle of wine we had brought back while she was in the bathroom. I rinsed out a couple of coffee mugs and ran into the bedroom to try to clean up the condom wrappers that had been sitting on my bedside table since 2003. On the bed, neatly laid out against the rest of the chaos, were my wife's dress, bra and panties. She came out of the bathroom completely nude aside from a pair of high heels, took the wine from me and took a swig straight from the bottle. I fell totally, completely and irrevocably in love.

I have no head for artistic things- I work in finance, I get creative with numbers, not paint- but I fucking love her stuff. She's made a name for herself over the past few years, critics call her the American Damien Hirst. One of her first exhibits was composed of a dozen oil paintings of rotting pastries, surrounding an actual cake filled with thousands of dead lady bugs being fed to a mummified tarantula dressed up as Little Miss Muffet. I have no idea what it meant but it was sick, successful and catered by Balthazar so I ate about 20 croissants. They did not have bugs in them. I checked.

She was amazing. She had the body of a Laker girl and the face of a Modigliani model, and still does. She's charming, charismatic, deep- the kind of person people flock to, want to be around constantly. She fucked like she had something to prove, she had a twisted sense of humor. As soon as I hooked a job with enough figures to keep a girl like her satisfied the way she should be, I proposed, bought her a historical brownstone in the city with a garden full of roses and hardwood mahogany floors. And for the first few years, she seemed happy. We were the kind of couple you see in New York Magazine and scoff at because they're just too damned lucky...

But we had a rough spot, like all married couples do. She was still the superficially the same woman I fell in love with- looked amazing, people always asked me when she was going to host the next dinner party, she still had an amazing eye for art. I knew, though- I knew she was miserable. I could see it- the misery- in the corners of her eyes and the curve of her mouth.

It happened gradually. First it was the shower curtain. She bought 3 or 4 from a small boutique downtown, brought them home so we could choose one out together. We decided on one, pale blue, made of material that was impractical and way too expensive for a drapery in a bathroom but we had

the money and it made her happy so why the hell not. A few days later, I was shaving and realized she still hadn't put the curtain up. It wasn't until about a month after that I caught a glimpse of it hanging up in her studio, cut to shreds and dyed till it was almost unrecognizable.

I chose to ignore it because I had learned it's usually not the best course of action to call an artist out on their creative license, unless you want to start an all-out war with no discernible end.

A year after that, though, I had no choice. She had been so on edge it was like she was standing on a razor. She usually had a show every 3, 4 months or so, and if anything she had too many ideas, the galleries always asked her to trim down her collections. When the year passed without so much as a single finished painting, I started to worry, both about her wellbeing and our bank account. We were extravagant spenders, and each of her shows would bring in a cool \$20,000 that paid for a few months of European beaches and ski trips in Aspen.

The final straw, though, is when she burned down the roses. It turned out she had finished dozens of projects over the year, she had hated all of it and had either destroyed or painted over everything. While I was at the office, she flew off the handle, doused about 16 canvases in lighter fluid, and set the yard on fire. When I got the call from the fire department, I rushed home to find her sitting in the back of the ambulance, covered in ashes, blonde hair singed at the ends. She was smoking a cigarette. I looked over the burnt flowers, the skeletons of her paintings, the ruined limbs of broken sculptures, and asked her what happened and why. She took a drag of the cigarette and said:

"It was mine to burn."

She took big, fancy pictures of the inferno. A family of bunnies suffocated in the smoke, she had them stuffed and mounted in size order on a baking soda volcano like the kind you see in middle school science fairs. She gathered up a few of the charred bits and pieces, wired it together, and made some warped, pained-looking kind of phoenix thing weighing in at 400 pounds and easily over eight feet high. She called the whole thing "From the Ashes", and the reviews in the Times called it "... incendiary. Her first foray into becoming a true artist". Someone bought the phoenix. I pity the person who wakes up every day and looks at that strange thing, suspended in constant agony.

We were both drunk, at a random, expensive, vaguely Dante's Inferno-themed bar in San Francisco when I finally got a chance to ask her what was bothering her. We had been making dark jokes all night about the beautiful irony of her show and our current locale. At first she vehemently denied anything was wrong, angrily pointing out that we had made four times as much off of her last show as anything before it, that it had more than covered the damages, that it had paid for the vacation we were on. I stayed silent. She tossed her newly cropped hair, and looked like she was going to open up for a second. I saw her soft blue eyes fill with tears, then she took a shot of whiskey from a glass that had a bull's head and smirked.

"Well, for starters," she slurred, nonchalantly dangling the glass from the bull's nose ring. "I'm fairly certain I'm pregnant."

She let the glass drop from her finger and it shattered on the floor as she slid out of her seat and stumbled to the exit. I sat there for awhile and drank more, feeling furious, confused, and miserable. I remembered her face when she showed me that Klimt painting. I remembered how she wore glasses back then, and how she pushed them up the bridge of her nose when she smiled as I talked about the

fucking warm and the fucking cold colors and the fucking angles and lines.

We converted her studio into a nursery. Rather, I did, while she stayed in San Francisco and did God knows what with her artist friends. I had a landscaper come in and replant the roses. I worked a lot of overtime, drank myself to sleep while I skimmed through parenting books. She came back when she was almost full term; I came home from work one night to find sonogram pictures posted all over the fridge of two healthy-looking twins, big baby girls. I walked into our bedroom and saw her dead asleep on top of the covers, belly swollen, smelling faintly like pot and paint thinner. She had a rainbow of dried paint on her fingertips. I loosened my tie and walked to the nursery.

She had been busy.

The canary yellow I had chosen was covered in a layer of translucent blue, and she had covered one wall in Klimt-esque patterns and curlicues. The creamy plush carpet was covered in paint splatters-she had worked furiously to finish. She had cut a swathe from one of the new rose bushes and made a giant bouquet, shoving them so tightly in the vase that some had escaped and made their way from their perch on the changing table to the floor. She had scattered them in the bassinet, on the windowsill. It was chaotic and beautiful. The next few years were peaceful, for the most part. We bonded over raising the girls. Despite my wife's less than careful prenatal preparation, they were wickedly smart and beautiful. They both looked like her, with long curly blonde ringlets and blue eyes. Sometimes, when I put them to bed, I wondered if any of my DNA was in them at all. They were like miniature versions of her.

My wife agreed to see a psychiatrist for a little bit. She took some medication for awhile, Xanax, some mood stabilizers. Eventually she and her doctor decided her crisis had been hormonal and temporary. We started having dinner parties again, soothed the gossip that had infected our social circles.

She stopped painting and took up teaching at a university. She seemed content again, even happier than she was before. Every once in a while I would catch a look in her eyes like repressed artillery fire, like she was ready to explode at any second, but it never lasted for longer than a few seconds before they went back to the soft cornflower blue I knew so well. And who doesn't get a little agitated every once in a while?

I rose through the ranks at work. I loved the feeling of power that came with promotions. I loved my girls. And by God, I loved her. My crazy, disgusting, beautiful, hateful and loving, extraordinary wife. Then came today.

Today, I came home from work early.

Today, my wife took the day off to be a chaperone on a class trip to the MET. They were after her for months because of her expertise in the art world, they wanted the children to experience the culture in the most sophisticated way possible. I thought it was ridiculous, they were one to three year olds in a private daycare; they saw more beauty in Cheerios than in Monet's water lilies. But they wore my wife down, and she was given a gaggle of toddlers and wide-eyed teachers to tour around the museum.

I came home for lunch because I had forgotten my iPad that had notes on it for a presentation I was giving that night. I walked through the rose garden and notice a tiny piece of sculpture left over from

the Ashes exhibit from so long ago. It was half of a tiny bird- it had the kind of exquisite detail that my wife used to be so famous for. I was pretty sure it was an actual bird that she had cast in clay. I thought I could see a small piece of feather in one of the cracks. I idly wondered why I hadn't noticed it before.

I went inside and poured myself a glass of orange juice. The fridge had pictures that my daughters' drew- happy, crooked stick figures that looked nothing like the beautiful horrors their mother used to churn out. I was happy about that. I hoped they would fall in love with numbers like I did.

It was absolutely silent, and I sipped the sweet citrus and enjoyed the nothingness. Then I thought I caught a vague scent of fresh paint in the air.

Curious, I walked into the living room. And there was my wife, sitting on the leather couch with a bottle of wine, looking like an angel of death.

She was covered head to toe in blue-gray body paint, with a special concentration underneath her eyes. She was wearing a revealing patchwork blue dress, covered in crosses of various shapes and sizes. Not a dress, I realized, but the shredded shower curtain from so many years ago. I could see most of her still-perfect breasts, the curve of her waist. The bottle of wine was elongated and painted a strange shade of orange. The smell of paint was stronger in here, an overwhelming smell of lighter fluid, and something else I couldn't place. She had shaven her head.

I stared at her for awhile- minutes? An hour maybe? Eventually she took a swig of wine from the bottle, swirling it around in her mouth. I noticed paint, deep blues and even deeper reds, around her fingers. I sat down in the arm chair across from her, unable to think of what exactly I wanted to ask her.

Maybe because I knew.

Maybe because I didn't want to know.

I noticed a camera on the table between us, I went to pick it up and she rested her gray hand on mine before I could, softly, gently, with all the familiarity of years of marriage. She opened her mouth to speak, soft pink lips made pallid by the paint.

"They were mine."

And I've been sitting here, knowing what's behind the door to my daughters' room, with the Klimt wall we never repainted. Knowing why my phone keeps ringing with calls from the school, from the NYPD. Knowing why I couldn't find my sleeping pills last night. Knowing what that smell is. Seeing in my peripheral the red pooling and staining the carpet from underneath the door, the pile of clothes neatly folded next to my wife on the couch. I can picture that thick wire she used to fit all of her subjects where she wanted them, what a perfect, detailed recreation it must be.

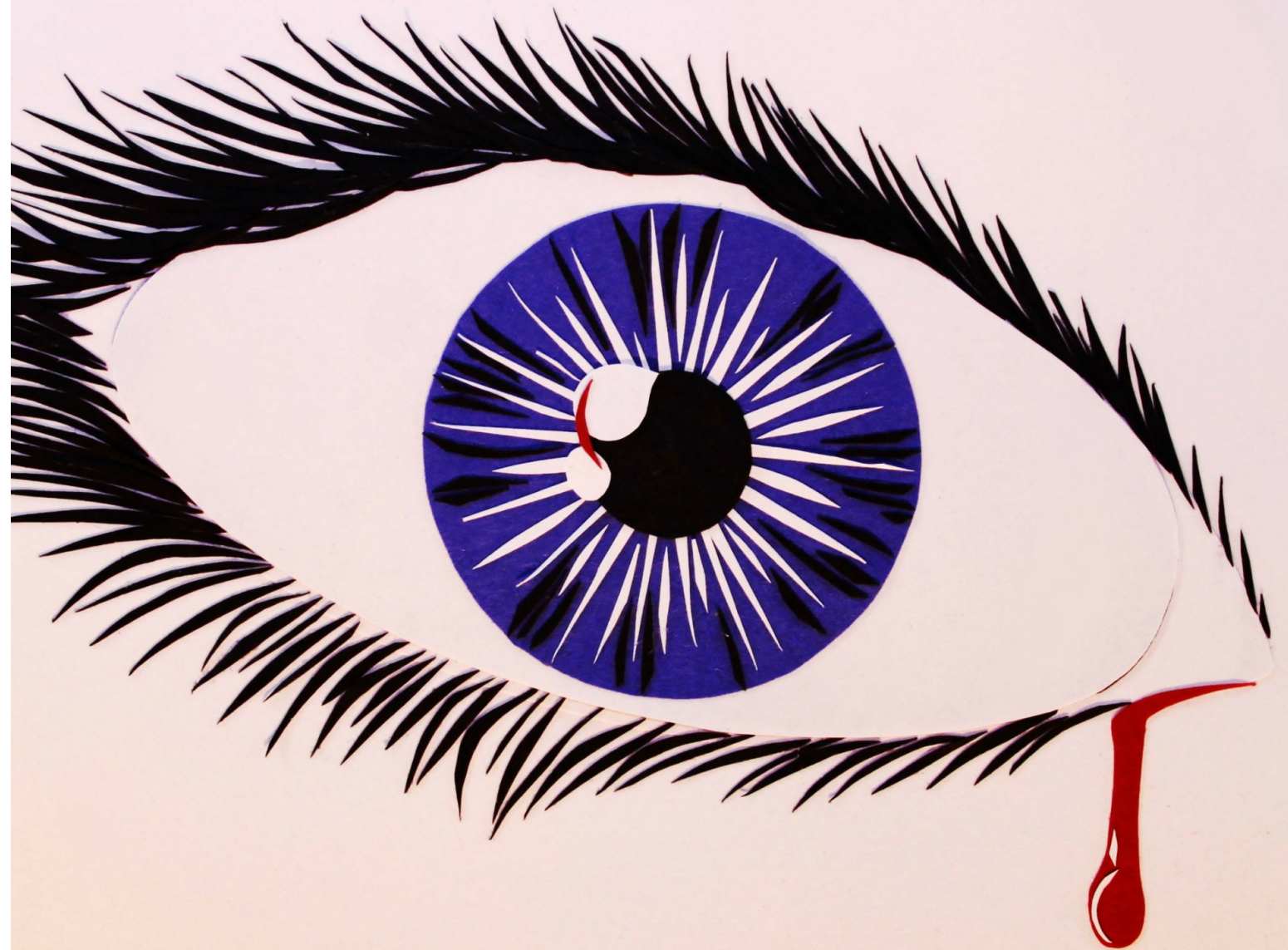
Because she's so perfect.

I see the phoenix in my mind's eye.

I hope, when she flicks that cigarette she's about to light, we both fucking burn.

May 2014

MAY - 2014



I Am a Good Parent

by [cosmo_tronic](#)

Winner - May Monthly Contest

I have two.

They are beautiful. One is an adventurous boy at the age of four, yet respectful beyond his years. The other is an affectionate bundle of babbles with six months behind her. Together, they are the overflowing receptacle of love for my husband and me. We want to teach our children to be the best they can be in the world. We are the breeders of curiosity and intelligence.

Some parents refuse to explain things to their children. They command them and expect them to adhere to their regulations without providing any justifications. "Because I said so!" Some don't want to elaborate on the happenings around them. "It just is that way, stop asking questions, don't worry about it!" I believe that those parents just don't want to think too hard. They're conditioning their offspring to be as ignorant of our realm as they are. But no, not us. All children should understand the world around them. We want them to question it, scrutinize it, struggle with it, and come to their own conclusions. Most adults really underestimate the capacity children have for comprehension. We know better than that. We are better than that.

We have two, and we're going to make them magnificent.

In the instance that our oldest inquires, "Mom, Dad, why are you throwing away the lasagna you made the other day?," we don't reply, "Because it is bad now." What would he learn from that? Of course he loves and trusts his parents and may accept that as a valid answer, but do we want him to follow us blindly forever? Absolutely not; he and his sister are to be our checks and balances when we age and potentially lose our open-minded focus. The elderly can be so stubborn. So, instead, we construct a clear observation box of Tupperware to keep the lasagna instead of throwing it away. After a few days, the leftovers spoil and the nasty remnants are left for him to investigate. "Ew! So that is why you were throwing away the leftovers. Because they were getting bad!" Exactly. He is so smart. We are doing a fantastic job as parents.

We have two, and they are going to be perfect.

As most parents know, children are such curious creatures. There are not enough hours in the day to perform an experiment on every question our little boy has. Instead, we will usually lead him onto a path of critical thinking. When he asks why, we query back: why do you think it would be like that? He'll ponder and fumble his way onto a few conclusions. Usually, he'll need some boosts into the right direction. One night, he called for us from his bed as I was tucking in our littlest lady.

"MOM! DAD! I heard something in my closet! What was that?"

My husband chuckles as we come to his aide. "Well, kid, what do you think it was?"

"I think it was a monster! Or a ghost, coming to take me away."

“Where have you seen one of those before? Have you heard about them on the news?”

“Well... no. Just stories from the other kids, but I never saw ‘em.” Our little one considered other possibilities. “Maybe it was an animal?”

That was much more plausible than a supernatural being. He’s on the right track. I chimed in on this investigation. “Honey, we are in safe place here, right?” My little detective agreed. “Why don’t we check to see what it was?” Nervous, he slid out of the covers and padded over to the closet door. It was a sliding door, and inside we keep his clothes up top and a small table with art supplies at the floor. There was a cup of crayons that must have been seated too far on the edge of the table, and the gravity finally got to them. There was a rainbow of wax sticks, sprawled on the floor, leaving light marks on the white door. As assumed, our brilliant mini-man came to this conclusion, all on his own. He would pave the way for his sister.

We have two, and they’re essentially already brilliant.

On a different occasion, he asked, “Why do I have these bumps on my arm sometimes?” We led him to deduct the situation around the occurrences. “Well, I am usually sitting still and I am cold. But why does my body do that?” Since we can’t read our DNA instructions within our home, we resorted to research. He cannot yet perform an intricate Google search, so we’ll be his typing fingers. We discover, in this instance of cooling temperatures, that our bodies are raising goose bumps in order to create insulation—it is working to make us warmer. Happy with his answer, he went on his way. Such a good child.

We have two, and they’re on their way to being great.

Other times, such extensive questioning just isn’t a viable option. Some sunny day, my husband and I tarried along our children to the local park. I was cradling my youngest, when our boy walked to us, fiddling with his fingers.

“There is this woman watching me a lot, and I don’t know why.”

We surveyed the park around us, but did not see any woman staring at him. Maybe it was another parent that didn’t trust other children around theirs, and thus watched our boy frolic around her babe. It was a full grounds on this beautiful day, but it was obvious that our boy was unnerved. We asked him if he felt safe enough to investigate. He said no. Proud of his deduction, we let him know that we were glad that he could recognize when he felt uncomfortable and to come to us for support. We left the park, explaining to him that sometimes you cannot investigate if it is not safe, but gave him our deductions to try to ease his mind. He wasn’t happy with this answer, so we advised him about some scientists. They don’t always have all of the information that they need, so they can’t finish their research. Every so often, one just has to move onto the next excursion without a real answer.

We have two, and they’re going be revolutionary.

My daughter had a fever the other night. I cradled her as she sweat. My son asked why his dearest sister wasn’t feeling too well. I told him we weren’t sure, but the doctor said that it would pass. He was visibly upset. As an older brother, it pained him to see his sister in any sort of discomfort. I placed her in her crib, with a fan on, and left her brother there to stroke her budding hair across her forehead. “I just want to know why your head hurts, little sister, and I want to make it better.”

We have two, and they are loving creatures.

I tried to distract myself with television, as my husband was away on a business trip, but I managed to zone out into a nap. Later, I awoke and left the room to check on my daughter and to see what my son was getting into. On my way, I noticed his father's tool box was open and on the floor. Meticulous of a man he was, it was odd to see the box open and a couple of implements missing. I became irritated at my husband, as I know that I did not leave this array here.

I went into the youngest one's nursery. There, her brother had investigated as to why his sweet little sister had such a fever. He was in the crib with her. He had the screwdrivers. It was a mess.

He is the reason that I have one.

"Mom, I'm trying to look and see why Sister's head hurts. I still haven't found any boo-boos in her."

It is okay. I am a good parent. I remedied the situation.

Because, now, I have none.

Working at Disney

by [BLEETCH1994](#)

Ah...the magical world of Disney. So much goes on "offstage" and "behind the scenes" to ensure that the guests have "the most magical times of their lives" once they arrive on the property. Ever seen a wet paint sign while walking through the parks? How about a maintenance cast member with a bag of tools? Anyone with a construction hard hat? Of course you haven't. That would ruin the experience that WDW is perfection. It's because that 99.99% of all work goes on after the show is over. All the little "mice" that keep the place running like clockwork don't even start working until the announcement is made over the radios we carry that "The Park Is Now Clear!". Then the crews get to work. Maintenance starts buzzing around on their golf carts, the custodial cast members bring out the large hoses to wash down every inch of the streets we all walk on, and the construction crews are allowed past the security perimeter gates to come in and do whatever needs to be done. That's where my story begins. I've worked construction most of my life. When work dried up up North, I moved to Florida where some of my family had moved over ten years ago. Naturally, I needed to find a job. I wound up applying for and getting hired by a construction company that shall remain nameless that literally did almost all of the construction needs for "The Corporate Mouse". I spent five or six overnights a week at various locations at WDW with coworkers (we weren't employed by Disney hence we were not "Cast Members") doing whatever our foreman told us what needed to be done. Sweet gig actually, even though it was very hard work at times. Just think...how many people can truly say they get to ride around Magic Kingdom, Animal Kingdom, etc in the dead of night in trucks, golf carts, what have you while the park is just about empty except for a skeleton crew? For about the first six months, I kind of kept to myself except for talking with the crew of the company that I worked for. Then I began noticing how chummy many of the Disney overnight crew was with our staff. Custodians, when working in the same areas as us would come and talk to the boys as well as the overnight security cast members. I began to slowly get to know many of these folks as well. They, for the most part, were really nice. I got to know many of the night security staff (by face at least) at all four parks as well as the resorts. If you didn't know, WDW opened in 1971. It was actually not too uncommon to come across someone who had been a "lifer" with Disney or knew someone who was. Forty plus years working for the Mouse...God bless 'em. Even my foreman, who although did not work directly for WDW, was one of these. Boy...did they have some stories to tell to pass the time. As I adjusted more to the job, I began to get more comfortable with the surroundings. The cast members grew more social towards me, and I was able to make my way through the parks without getting lost too. Let me tell you, that is not an easy feat when you first start out working there. Especially at night. Although it's not PITCH black, there is very minimal lighting except where we put our floodlights up to do work. Security is only using flashlights or the headlight of their carts to light their ways, and store lights are only on if someone is working in them. Quite eerie and yet cool at the same time. It's like a totally different place than during operating hours. As a matter of fact, one time when I decided to visit the park as a guest, I couldn't find a ride that I wanted to go on because it looked so different during the day with all the colors, people, sounds, and music. One year of working at the place full time and I had to swallow my stupid pride and go get a map. Ha ha...pathetic.

Anyway, as I started conversing more and more with the Cast Members, some of the security staff and I found out that we had a mutual interest in the paranormal (of course that would come up in conversation eventually when working graveyard shifts...haha). I would get to hear stories from them all the time. The famous ghost in the Pirates of the Caribbean ride. The murder/suicide in one of the rooms of a certain resort. The jumping off of terraces at another. Ghosts of cast members who passed on that "come back and say hi". The spooky occurrences at rides where some unfortunate guest was killed. The stories went on and on. Although fun to hear, I won't lie, it did give the whole property an ominous feel at times that a guest will never get to experience. Even coworkers of mine had stories to tell...attractions turning on even though the "Lock out, tag out" system is in place to ensure that they don't, following someone to a break room and walking in to find no one in there, of course the noises and voices when they were working alone...Ghost Hunters JACKPOT!!

So, several months ago, when arriving at work, the foreman called our team over for a meeting. He announced we would be starting a new assignment in the Magic Kingdom shortly. We would be working on the Seven Dwarves Mine Train Ride! This attraction would be opening later in the year. How exciting! Up until now, my crew, since I had started with them, had been doing mundane yet necessary assignments. We had the pleasure of pouring concrete, digging ditches, fixing bathrooms...good stuff. Now, we were actually going to get to work on an attraction! Imagine me getting to tell my future wife and children that I helped make this as we were riding it! They would be in awe and so proud! The building was already up for the most part, and we were going to be working on making it "show ready". You know, making a building look like a mine inside and out? Fabricating rocks, fixating jewels...the works. When the time came to start this, he had us meet in one of the cast member breakrooms inside the attraction. For those that don't know, most if not all attractions have breakrooms inside them that the public can't see. A cast member working the ride literally doesn't have to leave it if he/she doesn't want to, even for a lunch break. He explained the job, who would be doing what each week, and all the normal details. Then he proceeded to tell us that as per Disney Management, we were to all take our lunch breaks at 3:00 AM and to only take it in this particular break room we were in. I thought that was kind of weird. Since my employment with them began, we were never told when and where to take lunch. We used to always stagger our breaks as well so that most of the crew was always working. Whatever I guess, the Mouse paid our bills and who the hell was I to question it? I was still the "rookie" but I will say this...I saw what I was thinking in the eyes of my coworkers as well.

We were only a group of ten guys on this assignment and we were broken up into groups of five. One group would work on the outside, and one group on the inside of the attraction. I was in the inside group. It was a pain to work in that thing. Due to the size of the spaces where we had to work, maybe one or two floodlights would fit in an area where we were working. It gave an effect of staring into a fire in the woods. While working on a wall, it was bright as hell. When you came out of that space, you were as blind as a bat. The first few days, it became a running joke/contest of who tripped on something and broke their ass the most each week had to pay for the drinks when we went out together. I paid up twice the first month...thanks Disney!

I guess you could call me paranoid, but I would never leave my lunch bag in the fridge in the breakroom. I'm an absolute angry asshole if I get hungry and after having it stolen once while at

Animal Kingdom, I was not going to have it happen again. So I just carried it with my other gear from then on. We were working on the opposite side of the attraction from the break room and it was just about lunch time. We cleaned up all the possible trip hazards and went on break. When we got to the break room, I realized I had left my bag where we were working. Dammit! There was no way I was spending \$8.00 on a coke and stupid bear claw from one of Disney's rip off vending machines. I told the guys I was going to run back and get my bag. So, off I went. I was hurrying along because we only get a half hour for lunch and if we take even a minute longer to get back to our work location, there is hell to pay. And you all know how fast a half hour flies by unless you're working. Trying to make good time, I must have made a wrong turn in all that blackness. My stupid flashlight was in my tool bag...of course. I was attempting to feel my way around the track when I saw some light coming up ahead of me. They looked like they could be a set of emergency lights but they were quite dim and flickering. Who cares? Any port in a storm, right? I slowly made my way towards them and began to hear voices but I couldn't make out any words. There was no one in the attraction other than us...or so we were told. Oh my God! After all the stories I was told...was I finally going to have one of my own? As much as felt the hairs on my neck stand up, I was excited as well. Even though I really like hearing about ghosts, I can't say that I am really, TRULY afraid of them. I just don't want them in my home...other than that, I find the idea of them fascinating. I slowly peeked my head around the next corner. I wish to God it was a ghost I saw...

It was a large (at least compared to where we were working) open space and there was a fabricated stone slab made to look like a natural rock formation in the center. Six figures in suits were around it in a circle. Five were holding candles while one was reading off what looked like an old piece of parchment. What he was saying was beyond my knowledge. Not English from what I could hear. Every time the main suit would finish a sentence or two, the others would repeat the last word. As I crouched there amazed, I saw what looked like a flash of yellow and blue stirring from on top of the "altar". There was someone on it. A woman. She stirred again and I thought my eyes were playing tricks on me. It looked like one of those college program kids that get to "be friends with" the characters. Completely dressed as Snow White. She was gagged and bound. What the hell was I seeing? Her eyes were huge and filled with fright. Tears were streaming down her face, making her overly done make up run. As much as she struggled, she could barely move. The man with the parchment stopped reading. The others all produced some crudely made daggers and made their way to her. Two of them went to each of her arms, two to her legs and one stood at the top of her head. The "leader" (for lack of a better word) made a guesture with his hands and said one more uncomprehendable word and the others moved in. The two by her arms sliced her arms from mid bicep down to the wrists. Two others did the same from mid thigh to the tops of her feet. The fifth one actually carved what looked like a half moon into her forehead. I stifled a scream and closed my eyes. I could hear muffled screams and smell copper in my nostrils and taste it in the back of my throat. I opened my eyes briefly to see the "leader" produce a knife, walk over to the altar, and lift poor Snow White's chin up toward him. Thats when I turned and ran.

I got back to the breakroom, sprinting though the door. I must have looked half crazed because one of my buddies said "What the hell happened to you, and where's your lunch bag?" I didn't even answer him. I just stood there. He looked me over one more time, and decided to call the foreman over the radio to come talk with me. The foreman came in, took one look at me and asked if I was feeling OK.

I shook my head. He told me to go home for the remainder of my shift.

I called out sick the next three days. In the comfort of my home, I attempted to rationalize what had happened. It had to be a gag, right? Was it my boys with an elaborate "welcome to the crew" trick? I mean, God, WDW is crammed full of college program kids. Late teens and early twenty year olds away from home and college, getting paid crap just so they can put Disney on their resumes, just fornicating and causing havoc every chance they get? Playing tricks so they can put it on their blogs or twitter or whatever else stupid things they use to get attention? HAD TO BE.

On my first night back to work, I literally had to force myself not to turn my car around at the security gate when the guard opened it for me to enter. When I got to the breakroom, one of the "lifers" I worked with was sitting there seemingly waiting for me. He told me to clock in, leave my stuff with him, and go meet the foreman over by the main entrance. I looked at him quizzically since it was pretty far from where the Mine was and it was heavily frowned upon for us non Cast Members to be found wandering far from where we were assigned. I stated as such and he just said "Go...you'll be with your boss, so it would be his ass and not yours if someone says something." I made my way over to the Main Entrance and found him under the Train Station, sitting on one of the benches. He told me to sit. We sat there for about five minutes without speaking. He lit up a cigarette and I did as well (during night shift you could get away with this if you were careful about it). He asked me what had happened to me the other night. I just shrugged, looked at the newly hosed down ground, and exhaled. He put his hand on my shoulder and said that I was a great coworker, the other guys all liked me a lot, he didn't want to lose me and that he was surprised I came back after the way I had looked. I told him that it wasn't far from the truth. He asked me if I was just sick or if something had happened. He also asked me if maybe a Cast Member Manager had given me a hard time and if so, he'd handle it. I shook my head and said that he wouldn't believe me and would probably fire me for being a nut if I told him. He then said something that made me feel it was OK to tell my story. He said "I've worked here since it was just flat land and dirt roads, nothing you say can shock me." I looked up at him...dead in the eyes. When I saw that he was telling the truth, I began to explain everything from the beginning...

I ended the story when the other guy told me to come see him. My foreman sat there, flicked his cigarette butt, and ground it onto the floor (a HUGE Disney no no). He had sat there nodding through the entire story, not interrupting once. Never once a smirk, a smile, a look of disbelief. A custodial truck happened to drive by and when the headlights flashed on us, I had seen that all the blood had seemed to drain from my foreman's face. He breathed in and exhaled once...from the mouth. He had the beginnings of tears in his eyes. He finally spoke...

"What I'm about to tell you, kiddo, not many here have been here long enough to know and those who DO know, almost never speak about. It's sort of a taboo subject and the few that do talk about it are too old to care or have had one too many scotches."

He smiled half heartedly at this, and I thought maybe he might stop, but he continued,

"I have lived in this area for almost 80 years. I have barely been out of this state...less times than I can count on one hand. Orlando has only looked this way for a short time. If you could have seen this land in the time I grew up here you would be amazed. Marsh land and orange groves...nothing else. Until Uncle Walt decided this was the spot for his next incredible theme park, there was practically nothing. Humans have been inhabiting this land for a VERY long time. The Ais, the Apalachee, the

Calusa, the Timucua, the Tocobago, all native indians that lived in or around the land you are sitting on right now. The Paleoindians were here before them. ANCIENT lands. Well, I'm no historian, but I guess them indians at some point figured out this land was a little spoiled. Spoiled as in not just bad, but spoiled as in how a little child throws a tantrum if it doesn't get it's way. At some point, when these cultures were not having good weather or crops, what have you, they figured out that a blood sacrifice could do the trick. Every time they built a large structure in this area, they drew blood. But for whatever reason, the sacrifice had to do with the structure being built. For example...if the Indians were building a religious structure, a Shaman had to be sacrificed. If a settler was building a barn or orange grove, a farm hand had to be the one. You get me? And it had to be done by the elders of the town. Couldn't be done by just anyone, but by the elders/most influential ones in the area. You ever seen that movie "Pet Semetary" by Stephen King?? Like that....but the important people involved."

"Do you know the story about Disney buying this land? He bought it not under the Disney brand but hundreds of pseudo companies. He didn't want anyone to know he was going to build a theme park here because the locals may not have sold as cheaply as they did. So, he did what he did. I wonder if, through all this half truth bargaining, if him or his round table executives ever wondered why so many were willing to sell at that price. Were they done having to do the despicable to make a profit here? Did many of them want out? It can really make you wonder."

"And how come supposedly 'No one dies at Disney?' How come all people are proclaimed dead OFF the property? And why do we hire so many college kids that are supposedly running rampant here? Think about it."

"I just gotta tell you, because I think you may deserve it after you've seen what you claimed to...the powers at be here are powerful. More powerful than just being Disney executives. They pretty much rule everything. You think Club 33 is exclusive?" he laughed, but with no humor. "The club you stumbled upon rules more than just a theme park. If you talk about what you've seen, your life may be in danger."

I just sat there, trying to soak in what I had just heard. This was insane. And then my foreman said one more thing before the last sentence I ever said to that nice man.

"If you think that was bad, just imagine what I heard as we were building It's A Small World. I swear I STILL hear those screams of those kids once I close my eyes at night...40 years after..."

My reply? "I quit"

Ahh...the Magical World of Disney.

I still get the shakes when I think about it. I hate every fucking Disney commercial that comes on TV. And they come on a lot. I get goosebumps every time.

I see that Universal is hiring...I need work...should I apply?

Case 731-9401 - A Lack of Evidence

by [Skarjo](#)

My Grand-dad, Richard, was a DCI for the Merseyside Metropolitan Police. Sorry, I'm a police officer myself, and I come from a big police family, so acronyms become something of a second tongue. A DCI is a Detective Chief Inspector, and he would command a small unit of officers when heading up serious or serial murder investigations. He had gunned for the position since his first day as a bobby on the beat in the 60s, and when he got there he had no intention of moving on.

He died last year. He'd had a good innings, and it was a peaceful death. For a copper it was about the best he could have hoped for. He'd delivered much worse news to the widows and children of his colleagues than the doctor had delivered to us when he passed. There were undoubtedly people out there who wanted him dead, but for all their sharp suits and 'contacts', they were beaten to the punch by an acute case of endocarditis. I hope they were fucking pissed that a bacterial infection achieved in two weeks what they couldn't in twenty years.

Still, as an officer myself, hoping to follow in his footsteps, I spent hours trawling through the cases and cases of notes in his attic. My granddad's strength was in the interrogation room. He's was no Sherlock, profiling suspects from three hundred yards, nor could he tell know within seconds that a suspect was recreating a series of killings modelled on some Shakespearian play, but if you got him in a room with a suspect then he'd get what he needed.

I found a box of his notes from the early 90s. Early summer, 1993 to be exact. I would have been about 8. Thinking back, all I could remember about that summer was that my Granddad was around a lot more. It had never even occurred to me before that this was weird, but thinking about it now it struck me. That kind of position was one of late nights, worked weekends and no free time. It was takeaways and coffee and pounding whisky to try and get to sleep. So why did I get a full summer of Granddad? A full summer of bike rides and ice cream and trips to the zoo. Why wasn't he at work?

The box mostly documented one case. A murder that my Granddad had a suspect lined up that he liked for it. But, this box of notes wasn't like the others. Most of the boxes were immaculately organised. They had to be, at any time he could be called up to defend a past conviction at appeal. Cases could be reopened. After some serious advances in DNA profiling he'd had several cases reinvestigated and he had had to represent his case, so he knew the value of a solid case with all your notes well organised.

But this box was different. Case 731-9401 – a single murder of a 17 year old girl called Alice Sebah. The notes were all scribbled. Out of order. They were covered in scrawled mathematical formulas, and weird symbols. Research into deja-vu. Research into wormholes. Time travel. Neural-lingual programming. Inter-dimensional travel. Alternate universes. The word 'HOW' was scrawled in margins, between paragraphs, everywhere, like a chorus.

What the hell did all this have to do with the murder of a 17 year old girl?

That was when I found the transcript. A single transcript of a single interrogation from May 1993. "Interrogation of suspect in relation to case 731-9401 – The murder of Alice Sebah. Questioning

commenced May 3rd 1993. For the record could you please state your full name for the tape?"

"James Dwade"

"Alright then James, could you tell me where you were on the evening of Friday 19th March please?"

"You know where I was"

"Do I?"

"Of course you do, I've told you many times, right here in this room." "Maybe you'll have to refresh my memory, as this is the first time I've questioned you"

"It's not, and it won't be the last either. But fine, let's dance, Detective, I'll lead. On that night, I went to dinner with an old school-friend, then we shared a drink at the nearby Hare and Hale pub, and then I followed Alice Sebah, another patron, home and strangled her"

"You seem remarkably eager to confess."

"Oh come now, I've confessed to this crime a total of 37 times now. Surely you remember, Detective?"

"What I remember is that three hours ago we knocked on your front door and took you into custody, and now you're confessing to murder, correct?"

"Ah, you disappoint me detective. You've normally cottoned on by now. Skip coffee this morning? Fine, let's take it from the top if must repeat all our lines. Perhaps that will jog your memory"

"Our lines? What do you-"

"I, James Dwade, murdered Alice Sebah and you'll never be able to prove it"

"But you just confessed. I don't need to prove it. We have the weapon, the motive, the opportunity and now a confession."

"Ah, but in thirty minutes that confession -"

"... Will disappear like every other bit of evidence we've ever had on you"

"Oh good! You remembered your line! I'm so glad, I thought we were going to have to go through this tedious rigmarole a 38th time"

"... What is this? How did I know to say that? What's going on?"

"I told you. This is the 38th time we've had this conversation. Now, be a good boy and tell me the evidence you've got this time, so I can go back and get rid of it."

"..."

"Ugh, look, you'll never get me for this crime. Every time you bring me in, I find out what evidence you have against me, what you've used to build your case and everything the prosecution will later rely on in court. Then it's simply a matter of going back and fixing it."

"You know you can't do that"

"I've done it 37 times already just for this bitch. I see no reason why the 38th should be any more of a challenge".

"37 times?"

"Yea, you did well on this one, I'll give you that. When I did Alison two years back it only took me

14 cycles to be in the clear.”

“Alison?”

“Yea, you remember Alison, right? Actually, you probably don’t, she’s presumably just some unsolved case now that probably never got put on your desk. But those first few cycles... It was so funny, hearing the conviction in your voice fade with each cycle. Hell, that final time you were positively polite when you started your little ‘I’m arresting you for the murder of Alison Plaskett...’ speech.” Course, by then, the only thing you had on me was a CCTV photo of a car I might have driven”

“And what might we have had before?”

“Oh, the first cycle I just go wild. I don’t make any attempt to clean up. And that first time is just the sweetest. With Alison I was experimenting with my knife work. I wanted to see how easy it is to stab someone and deliberately miss major arteries and veins. I saw it in a movie, deliberately missing I mean, and it sounded like it might come in handy. Turns out; it’s pretty fucking difficult. Urgh, the mess was immense. 8 pints of blood might not sound like a lot but it ruined the fuck out of the carpet. But yea, I left the knife, my fingerprints, footprints, everything. It couldn’t have been more obviously me if I’d have written my address with her entrails. Ooh, that’s a good idea, I might do that to the next one, just once”

“Then...”

“Then you had a right nark on when you banged on my door. Oof, you even slammed my head into the car door-frame when you were arresting me, you cheeky scamp.”

“And then we built our case against you...”

“And everytime you made it, I knew exactly what to correct. First the blood, then the DNA evidence. I wore gloves, found a better alibi, changed cars. All those little things you had on me, I just kept going back to get rid of them until I was peachy, and you know what the best bit is? I got to kill that bitch 14 times. Fuck, once I’ve figured out a clean run, I could do it as often as I want. Thousands of times, if I wanted to. Millions. My own little holocaust of one.”

“Then why not spare her? After the millionth time, why not go back and let her live?”

“Where’s the fun in that? Then I might as well not have bothered. You can’t get away with murder if the victim’s still alive.”

“But... How?”

“Why the fuck would I tell you that? Sit here and tell you how I do it so you figure out how to stop me? What am I, a Bond villain?”

“I could just strangle you, right here, right now”

“You could, but you won’t. What are you going to tell the authorities when they ask you? I tripped and landed in your hands while you were practising your grips? Or would you tell them that you killed me because I was magic? What about your wife? Kids? Grandkids? What will they do when you’re jailed for senselessly murdering a madman in protective custody? Oof, I can see the headlines now. The Guardian would just have a day at the seaside”

“How did you know about my...”

“..Wife and Kids? Tut tut, you forget how many times we’ve had this conversation. How many times do you think you’ve used the ‘I’m just an average guy like you’ routine? I’ll tell you... Too many. It’s your go-to opener when you’re down to the circumstantial. Change the record, detective, mix it up a little”

“You know, this is all coming back to me now”

“Oh good, maybe you’ll tell me what the evidence is then so we can both get on with our day. I must be pretty close, last time you were clutching at some ol’ biddy downstairs having heard that bitch say my name, or something.”

“ ... ”

“Oh, come on man! Don’t make me go to court again. I can never concentrate when they all wear those stupid fucking wigs. I always forget something. You’ll only make me have to go back and kill her more times. Tell me, do it for Alison.”

“Maybe, in fact, what I’ve remembered isn’t how to make your case. It’s how to stop you.”

“Oh really? And how might that be? What’s magical about dance number 38?”

“ ... ”

“I’ll give you this, Detective, this is a new one. Well done, for that at least. I thought for sure you were going to break out the plea deal for a second.”

“ ... ”

“Oh come on Detective, don’t be coy. We’ve danced too long for you to get all frigid on me now”

“ ... ”

“Come on, Rick, spill. Don’t hold out or I’ll get pissy, seriously, I can’t be bothered having to wait for a court case again.”

“ ... ”

“Seriously, fucking tell me”

“ ... ”

“You know I’ll come for you next, don’t you? Tell me and I might not decide to make your pretty little wife the next whore I throw on my little rancid roundabout”

“ ... ”

“You’re pissing me off now, Rick, tell me before I do something we both regret”

“ ... ”

“FUCKING TELL M-“

End of Transcript I searched through the file for anything further. There were only a couple more pieces in there. One was a statement by an Officer Fallows, accompanying an interview with my Grandad.

Interview – 0521474 – Date 18/05/1993 Fallows – Further to incident 0521474 during case 731-9401.

Officer Fallows - DCI R. Haim was involved with an altercation with suspect James Dwade during

an interrogation. CCTV footage shows Dwade attacking DCI Haim during the conversation, at which point Haim used his standard issue TASER to subdue the suspect. Medical staff administered 10mg of IV Haloperidol at the scene to sedate the suspect. Is this is a fair summation of the events?

DCI Haim – Yes. Suspect acted violently and demonstrated delusional thinking, seeming to suggest that he could time travel. When provoked, suspect reacted violently. I’m no doctor, but I recommend sectioning under the mental health act until deemed safe to stand trial.

Officer Fallows – Anything else?

DCI Haim – Yes... Don’t.... Just keep him sedated. Don’t let him get his wits together.

Officer Fallows – You... You don’t believe him do you?

DCI Haim -

Addendum – Due to violent nature of incident and direct threats to DCI Haim’s family, DCI Haim has been assigned 2 months of paid leave.

*** Statement close***

There was only one final thing in the file. Another police report. A different case. Not my Grand-dads.

Case 695-2182; First Degree murder.

Victim; Alison Plaskett.

Status; Unsolved. Lack of Evidence.

Why Babies Are Born Screaming

by [Neurologue](#)

Recall your earliest childhood memory. How old are you in this memory? Four? Five? Developmental neuroscience tells us we do not form episodic memories before the age of three. Supposedly, memories from before this time are merely phantoms— errors in the brain’s memory formation process. Ordinary daydreams, mislabeled as fact. This is what the current research tells us. It is important you know this. Bear with me, reader; I will not waste your time with endless foreplay. Here is my story:

I am a graduate student, studying linguistics. My work often overlaps with that of the neuroscience department, and I have made many contacts there. One such contact is the subject of this story. We will call him DV.

DV is also a graduate student. He studies memory. He uses a procedure called transcranial magnetic stimulation. This procedure uses magnetic radiation to activate targeted portions of the brain. Imagine a magic wand you can point at a cluster of neurons and say, “dance.” And they dance.

Two months ago, DV asked me to assist me in a pet project he was developing. He has assisted me in the past when I was learning to use an EEG for my research. I owed him a great deal. I had no choice but to help him in his work. DV is what I have instead of friends.

I arrived at his lab after hours, as requested. He was waiting by the door. He was wearing his lab coat. It was far too big for his frame, and swallowed his shoulders. He looked so childlike.

“Are you ready?” he asked.

“Ready for what?” I asked. He had not told me any details about his project.

“I just need practice focusing the machine,” he said. “I’m targeting an area of the brain no one has targeted with this device before.”

I consented, with little hesitation. He had happily served as my model subject when I was learning the EEG. Academia is built upon exchange of favors. Besides, his machine doesn’t even break the skin.

I made myself comfortable in his examination chair. It had leather wrist restraints, but they were never used. I was facing a bay window. The lab was high on the campus hill. The night loomed heavy over the orange city lights. A few cars floated along the highway.

“Just try to relax,” DV said. His breath was minty, with undercurrents of gin.

He turned on the magic wand, and I felt the familiar buzz of electricity on my scalp. The vibrations converged on points just behind my ears, on both sides of my head. The points began to burn. My hair stood on end.

“How do you feel?” DV asked. He was whispering, but his voice was thick with anticipation. I think he already knew the answer to his question.

Before I could respond, I heard a cry from down the hall. Someone was screaming in the stairwell. Someone was howling like an animal shot through the leg. I heard flesh cracking. I heard tendons popping. I heard a voice choking on words. Someone was vomiting up my name in the stairwell.

“I think I need to take a break,” I said. I tried to turn to look at DV, but felt hands holding my head in place. I tried to move my hands, but found the wrist straps had been fastened.

“How long have I been here?” I asked. No one responded.

The moaning down the hall grew closer. Someone was pounding on the doors. They were locked. The door to the lab wasn’t.

“Please, turn it off,” I said. The current from the machine felt like lightning coursing behind my eyes. The window grew larger. The cars on the road skidded out of control. I watched headlights plunge into the river. I watched headlights careen into each other. The city lights blinked out, one by one. The darkness of the landscape was so thick, I could wade into it. So I did.

I was out there, in the void. There was more distance before me than the Earth’s horizon provides. I was alone, for a precious instant. Then, the darkness was broken by a man. He was the man from the hall. He was a man without skin. Muscles and sinew all twitching, veins and arteries all spurting, I could see his heart shrivel in his chest when he looked at me. He was all slaughterhouse, no humanity. He was so close, I could smell the rotten meat on his silver bones.

“Do you remember me?” he said. His teeth were gripped out like a racehorse. His frame was blurry, as if dislodged in time. His mouth looked like a slow-exposure photo of a burning carcass.

“Yes,” I said, because I did.

When I was young—too young to form memories, I had a dream. In this dream, a man walked behind me and told me things about the universe I didn’t want to know. He was a man without skin. He was the man standing before me in the void. He followed me through movie theaters, through city parks, through howling tunnels and unkempt forests and childhood homes, only to find me huddled in the corner of my bedroom closet. He spoke a few words. I don’t have words for the things he said. I woke up soon after, drenched in freezing sweat, lips burnt with vomit, eyes sore from rolling in their sockets. My mind tried to reject the memory. I have searched every language for the words I heard that night, but no tongue of man has ever spoken the things I heard.

There in the void, there in the lab, the man had found me again. The machine fractured my defenses, and let him in. For the second time, he spoke those words, and for the second time, my mind refused to keep them. At some point, what seemed like an eternity later, DV removed the device from my head. As suddenly as waking from a dream, I came to my senses.

“How long was I hooked up for?” I asked.

“Less than a minute,” DV responded. He had lost his tone of knowing. His voice was quiet, and trembled as he spoke.

“Untie me,” I said. I then realized my wrists were not bound. DV was frozen in the corner.

I stood up and gathered my belongings. My ears were ringing, each in a different pitch. They were dissonant. They were the last notes of a song I hadn’t heard in twenty years.

“I’m not coming back,” I said. “Please don’t contact me.” DV nodded. His skin was as white as his lab coat.

I walked five miles to my home. I didn’t trust myself behind the wheel of a car. The night was silent as I walked. Even the crickets were quiet for me.

When I got home, I vomited into my bathroom sink. I watched my breakfast, lunch, and dinner circle the sputtering drain. I looked into the mirror. My shirt was drenched in blood, except for a pattern of ribs across the front. The blood was still wet to the touch. My pockets were full of cartilage. My socks were soaked in afterbirth.

I threw my clothes in the trash compactor that night. DV and I do not speak. I do not see him on campus. I complete my schoolwork regularly. I pay my rent on time. I fall asleep to talk shows on weeknights, and to whiskey on weekends.

I don't do too much dreaming, nowadays. I especially don't think about my childhood. Somewhere, in the unfathomed recesses of inaccessible memory, there are words that shouldn't be heard. A man without skin chose to tell me those words, and I chose—twice now—not to remember them.

At the beginning of this text, I asked you to recall your first memory. I hope it was from when you were four or five. I hope it was simply a memory of your first injury, or something similar. I hope these things, because somewhere in your brain, there is a memory of something your developed brain chose not to remember. I hope these things, because the infinite horror of those forgotten words is too great for the human mind to comprehend. I hope your dreams are blissful, and your nightmares leave you happy to be awake.

Most of all, I hope that this story keeps you from exploring those damning and boundless vaults of your mind. When we are born, we have no defenses against the world, physical or mental. Perhaps it takes a few years to build these defenses. Perhaps the things we see before then are better left forgotten.

June 2014

JUNE - 2014



I think something is wrong with nosleep. Do you see it?

by [lastminotaur](#)

Winner - June Monthly Contest

Part 1

I've been a longtime lurker on this forum, on a different account. That one contains my name though, so when I wanted to post a story personal to me, I created this one. I don't know if what I'm about to describe has been somehow caused by this new account or if it's all a coincidence. I've never posted much before, because I'm not much of a writer. I prefer making horror movies. I'm no stranger to scary stories, films, books. I love them. I've even had my share of unexplainable, creepy, weird situations. It takes a lot to scare me. But after last thursday, it's finally happening.

After I posted my first story, I went and watched Netflix for a while. After a few hours of tv shows, I found myself back on nosleep. I'll admit I checked out my story, to see if anyone had commented on it. A few minutes later, I checked the time on my computer. It was 2:55. I should have gone to bed. I refreshed the page to check one last time. My story was gone. I refreshed again. And again. I thought it was some sort of glitch. I clicked the nosleep tab which took me back to the 'hot' page. There was only one story there. It was titled 'Do you see it?' I clicked on all the other tabs. Nothing in new, rising, controversial, gilded, top... Nothing except for that one story on the top page.

It took me about 10 seconds to read it. Not your traditional nosleep story by any standard. It wasn't even scary... Just creepy I guess. It seemed to be a poem about some shadow thing or something in the shadows moving but it didn't make too much sense. Just 5 verses, if I can call them that. It ended with a question: Do you see it? I clicked the picture and it was a shot taken at night, of a bunch of trees so I guess it was taken in a forrest. Nothing in the picture I recognized. I looked at it for a while. I was a bit worried it was a screamer at first (I honestly can't stand those) but it wasn't. I searched for a face hidden somewhere. Something off. There wasn't anything. Yet for some reason that weirded me out more than some scary face or whatever else might have. It was just so random. I went back to the previous page but to my surprise it took me to the front page, filled with hot stories. I looked through the tabs again to find the one I'd just read. I couldn't find it. I read a few more stories and went to bed, exhausted.

Yesterday was pretty much the same routine. I crashed on my couch for a few hours watching shows on Netflix until I started feeling tired. Then I checked nosleep before going to bed to see if new stories had popped up. As usual, reading one led to reading many, until I'd read almost all the ones on the 'new' page. I went back one page to choose a new one. All the stories were gone. I felt a chill down my spine and I looked at the time. It was 2:56. I clicked on the 'hot' tab. There it was. Still one one story. 'Do you see it?' I clicked it. I tried to copy/paste the text into a new document but it

wouldn't paste so I wrote it down on paper.

Slowly ever so slowly it crawls. After a time, it makes you wonder. Run run run run run run, can't escape!! After a while, it makes you wonder. Help will not come when it crawls towards you.

Do you see it? X

That damn question again. Do you see it? A link. I took a deep breath and I clicked it. It was what I assumed to be a cemetery. I could only see a few stones. They seemed quite old and I couldn't see any names. Yet for some reason this felt familiar. I still can't recall why. The cemetery in my town doesn't have any stones like that, as far as I can remember. I right clicked the picture but I didn't have any options to save it. I didn't have to look too long to know there was still nothing creepy I would find on the pic. I looked at the author of the story only to realize there appeared to be none. No name to click. No way to know where the story came from. I didn't want to close the page. I thought it might disappear again if I did but I didn't know what else to do so I just stared at the page. My computer shut down. When I turned it back on, the story was gone. Nosleep was back to its usual self.

I tried to search for something online about some sort of weird no sleep prank I hadn't known about or anything that might explain this but I couldn't find anything. I'll try to be on later tonight, and try to catch it again. I'll log in from another account to see if it makes a difference. I'm not too sure what to make of it and I think that's why I'm getting creeped. What exactly did I stumble upon? How is it possible?

And most of all, what am I supposed to see?

EDIT: Tomorrow I have to leave early in the morning to go scouting for locations with a friend for our next film. I'm already dead tired so I'm just letting you guys know I'll still be here at 2:50 but if anything happens, I'll write an update tomorrow when we're back.

EDIT 2:

It happened again. I read a few comments and the few of you who posted so far haven't seen anything weird. I'm starting to think the problem might be on my end of nosleep. It happened at 2:57. I'm afraid it might be a countdown... To when I'll see it? Still so many questions. I'll give a proper update tomorrow. Thanks all of you for sticking by me so far.

Part 2

In my last post, I've written that I was going location scouting for a film. I said I would update as soon as I came back but that trip took a different turn and we ended up staying out for much longer. I'll fill you in on what happened in a little bit, I just want to answer some questions first.

First of all, Someone noticed that the first letters of each 'verse' spelled out Sarah. I hadn't noticed at first, but it really freaked me out. I'm sorry I haven't responded to those comments yet but the reason it scared me is that Sarah is my middle name. I don't remember exactly the verses of the first story. I've got a more unusual first name, so seeing it spelled out would have scared me like crazy.

I know a lot of you stayed up last night and didn't see the post. Someone said they saw something but the one that came up for me was different. I don't know what to make of it. A few more people said other things happened, like the stories were gone but they didn't see a special post. I have no idea

what any of this means.

A lot of you also asked for screenshots. I've responded to one comment about this but idk how many of you saw it so I'll rewrite it here. I did take a screenshot last night. I heard the sound my computer makes as my screen grabs are automatically uploaded to puush. I went looking for it after but I couldn't find it either on my puush account or on my computer.

The user who reported seeing the post isn't me on a different account. As I said, the post we saw yesterday was different. All the screenshots they posted weren't taken by me. I don't know why the picture they posted was black but it's always been clear for me.

A lot of theories have been posted, from admins messing around, to russians to shadow people (if shadow people communicated with me through reddit i would nope the fuck out of the internet forever.)

Also as for my time zone, it's standard eastern time.

I know also that a lot of you were disappointed when nothing happened for them yesterday. I don't know what to tell you, how to explain what's going on. But some things happened today that make me think this experience is more personal.

I was awake almost all night. I refreshed the page every minute starting from 2:55. It happened at 2:58. This story was gone. They all were. Only 'Do you see it?' showed on the page. I clicked it. I read the 'story.' I was afraid I'd see a part of my name spelled out (my parents went all out when I was born and gave me 3 middle names) but I didn't. I was hoping 'Sarah' was a coincidence but after what I've seen today I doubt it. Here are the verses I saw last night:

Run run run it's running towards you. Still as stone you wait for it. In silence you wonder. Its eyes are wide open. They are waiting for you.

Do you see it? X

I clicked the link. It was taken at night again. The picture showed a street lined with houses. I didn't recognize any though. I couldn't make out any street sign. I thought about commenting on the story. I didn't make out my mind fast enough. My computer shut down again. When I turned it back on I read a few more comments. People hadn't seen what I had. I felt uneasy and shut down my computer again to try to get some sleep. I turned my phone off so I wouldn't be tempted to check back.

My friend and I left at seven this morning. I'd felt scared last night but it's easy to let your fears get the best of you. What could this possibly be? Ghosts on reddit? I didn't feel as afraid this morning, safe with my friend, in the early light of day. My film is about boy scouts camping in the woods. There's a small 'mountain' near where I live so we thought of shooting there. You have to pay a small fee to use the trails but only if you go by the main entrance. My friend told me he knew a shortcut through some smaller streets so we took it. We stayed on the path for a while, until we were deeper in the woods. We took some pictures here and there but nothing too interesting. We decided to go off path. It's not that big a forest and the trees aren't too dense so we didn't think we'd get lost. We came across a clearing at some point. It was small and had some flowers. It was beautiful and we figured it'd fit nicely in the film so we took some more pictures. We stayed close to where we thought the path was. We moved on and spent about 10 minutes walking until we saw something that made my heart drop in my chest.

There in the woods were what looked like headstones. It wasn't a cemetery per se. There were just about three of them. They looked old. They didn't have names. They were the ones I'd seen on the picture Friday. I looked around, and I really thought I'd see some creepy dude standing around somewhere. I half expected something to jump out from behind a stone. As I got closer though I could see they weren't headstones but rather some remnant of some weird statue. My friend didn't know what I'd seen the nights before and he was really excited about putting this in our film. Here is a picture. I tried to take it the same way I'd seen it in that post.

The stones.

I felt uneasy again. I'm not sure how to describe it. It's not just that I felt scared (believe me I was) but I felt like something was wrong. Like I'd missed something. Sarah may have been a coincidence but this couldn't be. My friend noticed I was looking odd. I told him what happened. He's a horror buff also but even then I don't think he believed me. I can't make sense of it myself. In any case, we decided to leave the woods. We must have been farther from the path than we thought because when we walked in the direction we thought it was, we didn't see it. We walked a long time trying to find it. I grew more and more uneasy, jumping at every sound we heard. Finally, we came across it. I thought it might be a different one but honestly how can you tell? I was just glad to be getting out of there.

It ended up being a different one because it took us to a different entrance. I didn't know exactly where we were but my friend recognized the place and said it was closer to where I live than the one we'd gone through before. We walked for a bit along the street until we took a turn and I stopped dead in my tracks. This felt familiar. I couldn't see the picture too well last night but somehow I felt sure it was a picture of this street.

I still don't know what I'm supposed to see. The fact that it's happening one minute later every night had me thinking it might be a countdown to 3 am. Maybe then I'll see it. In the meantime, I might not know what I'll see in two days, but from what I gather from the verses and pictures, it's getting closer.

NOTE

I really need to get some sleep. Or try to at least. I've set my alarm for 2:50 so I'll be online at 2:58 to see what happens. I probably won't update or respond to comments until tomorrow. I'm logging in from my phone tonight to see if it makes a difference. I'll try to screenshot from it as well.

EDIT I'm replying to comments in between costumes (I am at work.) I did wake up in time last night. I checked it from my phone and it happened again at 2:58. I'll write an update tonight (in text, not a new post) after I'm settled. Last night's post seemed to further my theory that it's coming closer. I'm not going home tonight or tomorrow.

EDIT 2

I'll be checking back at 2:59. I'm sorry I haven't managed to post an update tonight. I'll be filling you in tomorrow as soon as I can.

EDIT 3

I'm sorry it took so long to update. I'll keep this short for now.

The night before last, it happened again at 2:58. The text still had 5 verses. They didn't seem to spell out my name or anything related to me, but I still felt like whatever it described was coming closer

again. The link below took me to the picture of a swingset. I recognized it from the one on the playground of my elementary school. It's about two blocks from where I live. I decided to spend the next day at my friend's house.

I know you guys were wary of him, but I've known him for a long time. He's really sweet and while I know he could still be some sort of psycho, it just doesn't add up. He's awful with computers and I doubt he would have faked that for years just to get me to see some post he made up on reddit. Plus how would he know I would be online at that time? It's a lot of work for such a big gamble. I trust him.

Last night, with my friend, I checked the site again at 2:59. I saw the post again and so did my friend. It was a picture of my house. We decided we needed to go farther away. My friend's aunt has a house up north. I told my dad we'd be there, that I would be with my friend. We didn't tell other people. I don't know what's happening, but if someone is stalking me, it could be someone close to me. We drove there today and we're spending the night here. I'm alone with my friend and his dog (he brought him for security, but mostly I think to comfort us.) I'm not sure I'll have the courage to log in tonight. I'm not sure I want to see it.

Part 3

I have to apologize for the lack of updates in the last three days. I know from your comments and pm's a lot of you were worried about me. I can't tell you enough how much I've appreciated your support. 3 am came last night, and with it came the end of the countdown. I believe this is the last update I'll have to make in relation to this story. I hope it is.

First of all, I edited the last post but I don't know how many of you saw it so I'll do a quick recap.

At 2:58 on sunday I saw the post once more. I was home that night and checked reddit from my phone (yes it was on wifi.) I saw the Do you see it post again. The verses read:

In the corner of your eye it stands still. Your heart races you cannot move. Run run!! In the blink of an eye time flies by. In the corner of your eye it can no longer be seen.

Do you see it? X

The picture as I said in the update was the swingset of the playground at my elementary school. I called my friend and we talked it out for a bit. He believed me. We agreed I should spend the following night at his place.

I know you guys thought he might be behind the posts. I don't believe it. We've been friends for years. He doesn't know anything about technology. I doubt he faked that for years. Also he didn't lead me to the stones in the woods. I lead the way that day and he followed me. I genuinely believe he wouldn't hurt me.

The next day at his house we both could barely get any sleep. We logged in at 2:59 and saw the post just as I did. My friend freaked out because the photo showed my house. I didn't write the verses down that day but 'it' sounded closer again. We talked all night and agreed to leave town the next day. I called my dad and let him know we were leaving for a few days. I gave him the address of my friend's place. It was his aunt's summer house up north. My dad sounded a bit worried, like he knew

something was up but he didn't say anything.

We left early afternoon yesterday. My friend brought his dog, one of those really big ones. It didn't feel that much safer to have him with us but it didn't hurt either. On the way we didn't talk too much. When we got there I couldn't help but notice how nice this place was. The house was huge and old fashioned. It was right by a lake too. It had enormous windows as well so I thought the view from inside would be amazing. If we'd been there for different reasons, I would have enjoyed it. His aunt had left a key under the mat for us. I thought it was really nice of her to do this. To let us use her house. When I got in I saw she'd even left us what I assumed was a note in an envelope on the table by the door. I made a note to read it later and thank her for her trouble.

We settled in and watched movies all evening. Neither of us really knew what to say. I guess we were both afraid. We left all the lights on. Just in case. We felt like children afraid of the boogeyman. Later on, on the edge of sleep, I updated my last post for you. We decided we wouldn't check back at 3 am. We tried watching some more films but we ended up falling asleep on the couch.

We were awoken by my friend's dog barking like mad. I felt startled and confused at first but it all came back to me. I checked my phone. It was 2:55. I was scared at that moment in a way I've never been ever before. 2:56. I could barely muster the strength to speak but I asked my friend if he'd told anyone we were coming here besides his aunt. We'd decided not to tell anyone aside from my dad since we thought anyone could be doing this. What he told me then frightened me even more. He said he hadn't told his aunt. He thought to use the house because he knew it would be empty, and we could get in because she always left a spare key. But all I could think about then was the note by the door. A car came in the driveway. 2:57. We couldn't move for what felt to me like an eternity. The car parked outside. Because of the light inside, we couldn't see anything at all outside. I heard the car's door close. 2:58. I ran towards the door to grab the letter. I held it and stared at my friend. I turned the envelope. On its back was written 'Do you see it?.' It knew where we were. My friend called for me to go back to the living room. I went, the envelope still in hand. 2:59. The doorbell rang. The dog was going crazy. I'd never seen him like that. My friend told me to stay inside the living room and he walked towards the door. I screamed at him to get away. Not to open the door. I was scared out of my mind.

3:00. I opened the envelope. Only two 'verses':

It sees you. Hide.

He opened the door. Thank god he did.

It was my dad. I never felt so relieved. He came in and i think it spooked him how scared we looked. He told us he was taking us back with him to his house. We agreed to go and he told us to get our other friend. My heart stopped. I told him it was just us in the house. I'll never forget the look on my dad's face then. Within a second he'd grabbed my arm so tight and was running towards the car. My friend and his dog followed. He got the car running and we left.

In the car, he told us he'd had a really bad feeling he couldn't shake. When he couldn't reach me in the evening (I didn't have service there, only the house's wifi) he decided to drive out here. He said when he arrived at the house he could see both of us in the living room. And the outline of a third person upstairs, looking out the window.

As soon as we got reception on our phones, my dad called the police. So far they haven't found anything at the house. I'll be staying with my dad for a while. I still don't know exactly who, or what, had been coming for me, but I really hope it's over.

Both my parents were surgeons and I used to talk to furniture.

by [invictus1988](#)

Both my parents were surgeons and I used to talk to furniture.

I grew up in an area where the properties are so large and the families are so wealthy, that they build mansions and walls inclosing themselves in their own private paradises - never interacting with their neighbors unless by some strange coincidence. I was home-schooled until the age of 7, which is where this story ends.

But first, it begins at age 4, when I can first remember what my childhood was like. As a young boy, I thought that staying isolated on your family's property was what all little boys did. Whenever one of my parents would go out I'd ask to join, but they'd shake their heads explaining that only adults left home and only in very very dire emergencies. Aside from this, I never wanted for toys or activities and developed what my parents described as a wild imagination. I began to creating relationships with our household furniture, spending days conversing with them and naming each and every one.

My parents seemed to indulge my imagination more and more increasing the amount of furniture in the house dramatically. My father had always considered himself somewhat of a handyman and often explained to me his love of constructing things and how he had hand-crafted certain pieces.

And so 3 years ensued of deep emotional relationships I developed with the furniture in my home. Arnold was the soft sofa in the living room that seemed to move up and down as I'd recline on him reading my books. Sophia was my bed that shifted ever so slightly rocking me back and forth as I fell asleep, sometimes I could even hear her humming softly. When I'd lay my head on the table in my room, Claudio, I could hear palpitations in rhythm to my heartbeat. I constantly spoke with Theodore, a rather small chair that was very responsive to me, making humming sounds and strange vibrations even when unprompted. But above all I loved Gladys, the largest, softest couch in the home - the one who seemed to share my breath. All the furniture felt so soft, so warm, and so alive to me.

It's strange how fast things can change. It was a Monday, my 7th birthday & my parents were in their workshop constructing a new piece of furniture as my present. A woman had gotten lost driving through the town and although our gates were sealed shut she had managed to push her way through. She knocked on the door lightly and I jumped up, having never heard someone approach the house before. When I opened the door her expression changed to horror. She sniffed the air and gagged. Then she picked me up and began to run.

Tomorrow I turn 27 and I've been rolling over in my mind if I should sit in the gallery while my parents are executed. The headlines had labeled them 'worse than Karl Brandt,' having reconfigured 167 people by my 7th birthday. They were never branded murderers because no one died, but it was much worse than that. 167 people to make 71 pieces of furniture, that's 664 limbs reassembled in formations no mind should conjure. Sometimes people think I'm a Buddhist ... there is no furniture in my apartment.

Both my parents were surgeons and I used to talk to furniture.

Refrigerator in the woods.

by [Zachary Townsend](#)

Part 1

I grew up exploring the woods. There's several dozen acres behind the home I grew up in. I've been through them so many times, I know just about every single tree, every hill, and every stream. There's some adjacent cow pastures around them, and several clearings. Now that I'm older, I don't go into them quite as much, but I still go for a walk through them a couple of times throughout the year.

A few weeks ago, I went for a walk through the woods. I'm just walking along, when I come across an old discarded refrigerator. It's down in a fairly deep ditch; it almost looks like a sinkhole, and I've seen it before I'm sure. The refrigerator, however, was new to me.

The most intriguing part was that it was there at all. I knew exactly where at in the woods I was. There's a familiar clearing that you pass through to get to it, and it was about another 25 yards into the trees. There's no foot path or trail to it; there's certainly no trails for a vehicle to get to this particular spot. Even the clearing itself is "tree locked" with no big trails. Whoever put this old kitchen appliance here hoofed it in the hard way, I was sure of it.

It was an older looking refrigerator. I would guess from the 80's, maybe the early 90's. It looked like it had been there for a little while. It was extremely dirty and still had the remnants of dead leaves from the previous fall on top of it. It was laying face down, putting the weight of the thing on the door.

I was pretty curious about it. I stumbled/slid down into the ditch to get a closer look. I walked around it, inspected it, poked at it. It's just so weird to find an old fridge in the middle of the woods, in my mind. I tried to push it over to open it, but I couldn't even budge it. This thing was sturdy, and it was heavy as all get out. It made the idea of getting it out here in the first place even more perplexing.

I'm not sure what I was expecting to happen when I knocked on it. Maybe Indiana Jones would pop out. But I gave it two sharp knocks on the side. After half a moment, it knocked back. Two loud, sharp knocks rang back out from the fridge. It was certainly startling enough throw me back onto my fourth point of contact.

I stared at the fridge for a moment before I got up and scrambled back up out of the ditch. I was pretty unnerved, so I quickly began the long walk back home. I was pretty paranoid the entire hike back; looking over my shoulder, jumping at every single little noise (of which there are an abundance of in the woods). Once I was back to my house, I began hypothesizing on it. There absolutely couldn't be anything inside of it. I reasoned that the most likely scenario was that when I was pushing on it, I had dislodged something inside of it, and that something came loose and fell and made the noise inside of the fridge. That sounded good to me.

Last week, I decided to go back. I planned on taking a camera with me, but as my camera was my phone, and my phone had recently had a losing fight with the washing machine, I decide to take my parents old film camera. The roll of film I had was pretty old, but I hoped it would work well enough. In retrospect, I wished I had waited until I got a new phone, or at least gotten a new roll of film.

So I went back. After 20 minutes of crunching my way through the woods, I came to the familiar clearing. Just on the other side I would be coming up to the ditch with the refrigerator. As I crossed the clearing, though, there was a dead cow. This isn't entirely uncommon. Cows from the adjacent pastures have made it through a hole in the barbed wire fences and wandered into the woods pretty regularly for as long as I can remember. I've come across my fair share of bones and carcasses in the past.

All the same, I still went to inspect the cow. It wasn't too decomposed. Sure, there were plenty of flies and maggots, but it's summer and it's hot. Something had definitely been eating on it, though. There was some pretty obvious chewing that had happened. I chalked it up to coyotes. They've always been in the area, as evident by their occasional howling at night. Nothing struck me as particularly strange. All the same, I had 27 shots on my roll of film to use up, so I took a couple of pictures.

I turned and surveyed the rest of the clearing when something else caught my eye. There was a group of stones set up on a far edge of the pasture. This struck me as being strange, because these stones were pretty large, clean, and white. Not usually the kind of stone I'm used to seeing out in the woods. As I got closer, I saw that they were set up in a small formation in front of a pile of brush. The brush was forming a small roof over some kind of a burrow. I snapped some pictures, and got closer, and could see that the small entrance went down into the dirt, with no bottom quite in sight. I didn't know what kind of animal could be living in there, so I didn't get much closer. I backed off, and decided that I had seen enough of the clearing and continued on to go document the refrigerator.

I walked into the woods and headed towards the ditch. I wasn't really expecting what came next. When I got to the edge of the ditch and looked at the old refrigerator, I froze. The fridge had moved. It was now rolled onto its side, and the door was hanging open. It was completely empty, save for some dirt and leaves. Something had come and rolled this thing on its side and opened it up.

I took a few pictures, and retreated. Between the knocking sounds a couple of weeks ago, and it being open now, I was feeling a bit of paranoia. So I began walking back home. A few steps away from the edge of the ditch, I caught a flash of yellow on the ground out of the corner of my eye. I looked over to see a spent shotgun shell laying in the undergrowth. I took the couple of steps to investigate, and picked it up. I reasoned with myself that it was just one of the locals deep out in the woods squirrel hunting. I dropped it and began walking home again.

The rest of my walk was spent in a pretty high state of paranoia. I didn't stop at the pasture to look at the dead cow again. I went straight through and was nearly half way back to my house. I was looking over my shoulder investigating one of those small sounds that are always present in the woods, when I kicked something. It tumbled through the leaves and brush a few feet. When I snapped my head forward to see what I had kicked, it was just a plain, black boot. I thought to myself how strange it was for there to be a deserted boot out here in the woods. No stranger than a refrigerator, I suppose. The leather was weathered and well used. It had big blotches of something dark brown on that was cracking and peeling off. I pondered about when the last time it had rained had been, when suddenly there was a loud CRASH in the woods behind me.

I didn't even try to look behind me. I was already on edge at this point and took off running in the

direction I knew was my house. Another loud CRASH sounded behind me, giving me an extra little extra burst in speed. I was smacked in the face my leaves and tree limbs, and almost tripped after getting caught on a thorny vine. When I finally broke through the treeline into my backyard, a bit battered and torn up, I ran straight through the backdoor and locked it behind me.

It took a while to calm down. It was just a weird day, all the way around. The next day, I dropped off the roll of film at Walgreens while I was out running errands, and picked up the pictures on the way home. I was pretty disappointed, because the film was aged terribly, and only two pictures came out. None of the cow, none of the refrigerator. I had one random picture of trees that I don't remember specifically taking, and one of the rock formation in front of the burrow in the clearing. Either way, I think that's the last time I'm going to go into the woods. At least for a good, long while. Or until I can get my hands on a gun.

<http://imgur.com/gJfxQLo>

I wasn't really planning on writing this all up. I thought it would be a fun story with a lot of strange coincidences to tell while drinking. But I found out a few days ago that one of our neighbors on an adjacent street hasn't been home in a couple of weeks. They haven't searched for him too much; they think he ran off with another woman, because he was that kind of guy, but I know that he likes to hunt. Two days ago, my dog disappeared. My dog only goes outside to use the bathroom and run around the yard for a bit. She never goes into the woods, and she's never outside for more than an hour. But now she's gone.

Yesterday, I went to the edge of the woods to call for her since she had been gone for over a day. I found her collar hanging in a piece of brush.

I think there's something... new... living in my woods. And I think it followed me home.

UPDATE 1 (June 10, 2014)

I borrowed a digital camera from a friend at work last night (I have a rotating night shift). When I came home this morning, this was sitting beside my driveway. What the hell did this used to be?

<http://imgur.com/sIeqW0O>

<http://imgur.com/ELAhVRy>

<http://imgur.com/M1P6yoG>

Part 2

Update 1 was at the bottom. That pelt of whatever-kind-of-animal-it-was disappeared the next day (as mentioned in the comments).

Today, my friend Max came over. I told him we were looking for coyotes or something that had been coming out during the day. I was actually trying to go back to the refrigerator.

I have a rescue axe that I usually use as a machete to get through the woods. Max brought his handgun. I'm still trying to get a hold of my own gun.

We set out early this morning. Around 9AM or so. I was on point, because I had the blade and I knew

my way around. I was making a bee line for the clearing where I had seen the cow and the small burrow. I wanted to see if there were any other surprises there.

We were walking for about 25 minutes. Max was pretty much just lollygagging and smoking one cigarette after another. He was trying to make small talk and joke around the entire time. I, on the other hand, was completely on edge. Every single snap, crackle, and pop from our footsteps seemed to echo in my head. I was constantly scanning around us, straining to listen. Even with Max there, with his gun, I was completely on edge and scared of what we might find. Worse yet, what might find us.

We were almost to the clearing, when Max stopped and shushed me. He told me he heard something. I strained to listen and couldn't hear anything. Max described what he heard as sounding like something being dragged. He pointed in a direction away from the clearing. I tried to tell him that we needed to keep going the way we were going, but he insisted that we go towards the sound he heard. After all, we were there for coyotes, as far as he was concerned.

So I relented. I didn't want to admit what we were really looking for. I don't think he would have even come or believed me if I told him what was really happening. I mean, the story sounds pretty silly and paranoid when I even try to tell it to myself. I figured we could just come back around to the refrigerator and the clearing on the way back. I didn't really care. We had Max's gun. I figured the worst case scenario is that we could at least find out what it is, and slow it down. Best case, we kill the stupid thing.

So we started hiking in the direction he swore he had heard the noise from. I opted to not use the axe to cut through the brush. We agreed that it'd be best to try and sneak up on the noise as silently as possible. We were going almost painfully slow, trying our best to avoid every branch and twig.

We made it about 300 yards before we saw what was in front of us. It was a tiny house. Decrepit. Rotten. Completely overgrown with vines and foliage. In my mind, I raced through my memories. I've been coming through these woods and exploring for 15 years. I thought I'd seen damn near everything there was to see in them. But somehow, I'd never seen this place before. I've been a lot deeper into these woods than this, and I had somehow missed an entire house? It seemed really off to me.

Max, of course, was overly excited about it. He wanted nothing more than to explore the place. It certainly looked abandoned... with all the overgrowth. What few windows we could see were broken out. Not to mention that it was out here in the middle of nowhere, with no trails or roads to speak of leading to it.

So we went in. I have to admit, I was curious as to what we could find in there, myself. Maybe it had a clue. Maybe it's where the refrigerator came from, considering it was the closest thing resembling a house to where I found the refrigerator by quite a distance.

It was small inside. There were only about 5 small rooms. We slowly crept through them one by one. I didn't want to stay in there for very long. I had my camera out and was taking quick snap shots, but I wasn't exactly trying to frame my shots or anything.

Not a whole lot happened at first. The floor creaked with every step, so my adrenaline was already pumping, but we didn't find or hear anything particularly impressive. That is, until we got to the last room. The last room was covered in the black plastic plant food bags, but these had symbols drawn on them in gold paint. I tried to take a half decent picture, but it's right about then that something came

into the house.

We heard loud creaking coming from the small, narrow hallway. It sounded like something dragged itself in. There were loud shuffling sounds. Suddenly, a thump. It sounded like something had fallen. Max and I squeezed up beside the door, listening with baited breath. I hadn't noticed, but Max had drawn his gun.

We sat there, completely silent, nearly forgetting to breathe, when the chewing began. At least, it sounded like chewing. It sounded like some combination of chomping, licking, and sucking. It's hard to describe, but I'm sure most of you reading this will have an idea of the sound I'm talking about. I looked around the room from behind Max, looking for a way to escape, just in case. There was a small window a few feet up. It looked like it would be easy enough to get through.

Beside the window was a belt hanging from a long rusted nail. Dangling from the belt, was a large knife of some type in a scabbard. I moved to get it. I had my axe, sure, but I figured an extra weapon couldn't hurt. I moved to take it off of the wall. Unfortunately, I took a wrong step. As I put my weight on a foot, reaching for the knife, a loud creak rang out.

I locked eyes with Max. The chewing/slurping/chomping/whatever had stopped. Seconds seemed to last hours as everything was completely silent. My worst fear came true. The sound of something thumping and dragging its way down the hall began. Max motioned for me to go out of the window. He didn't have to tell me twice.

I was out of the window within a few seconds. I turned around waiting for him to come out. Suddenly he yelled "What the FUCK?" as two shots from his gun rang out, echoing around me. I yelled for him. He tumbled out of the window two seconds later. He yelled for me to run. I ran. He followed behind me as I crashed through the woods, wildly swinging my axe around, feebly trying to clear a path for us.

We were probably about 3/4 of a mile from my house. We made it there through the dense underbrush in about 10 minutes. In retrospect, it was a pretty remarkable time with how thick the woods and undergrowth are.

When we arrived, Max was pale. He didn't speak. I tried to find out what he saw, what he shot at. He sat at my kitchen table, staring down. He chugged a bottle of water. After the color began to return to him, he left. Didn't say a word to me, he just walked out of the front door, got in his car, and drove away. He hasn't answered my calls or texts since then. I'll try to find out something more when he's had a chance to sleep on it for a day or two.

Here's some of the pictures I took. Most of them are low quality, because I was trying to get out as quickly as possible. I apologize for that. But it should give you a vague idea:

<http://imgur.com/a/WYNFf>

I should probably tell you about the knife. We had gotten back to my house before I realized I had taken the knife and slung it over my shoulder. After some research, I think it's a bayonet from a Garand rifle from World War II. It looks pretty banged up. I took some pictures of it.

<http://imgur.com/a/FsiTG>

I'd love to hear what you guys think. Why was this knife in that house? What were those symbols? Is

that house where the refrigerator came from? What did Max see? What the hell is happening in the woods behind my house?

Most of all, what the hell do I do now?

UPDATE JUNE 13, 2014

I went to Max's apartment. He wasn't home, so I assumed he was at work. I waited until he got home. I was sitting there for about two hours. He wasn't particularly jovial to see me, as you can probably imagine. He let me in, and put his handgun on coffee table before he sat down on his chair. That struck me as strange, because he doesn't usually carry his handgun to work. I'm not 100% on whether or not he's even allowed. All the same, I came to get at least a couple of answers, so I wasn't leaving until I did.

The first, and most important thing, in my mind, that I asked him: "Did you shoot a person? Do I need to call the police?"

The answer was an emphatic "no." He told me, with no uncertainty, that what he fired his gun at was not a person. He wasn't even sure if he hit it or not, and he wasn't about to stick around to find out. I tried to get him to tell me what he saw. He wouldn't describe it. All I could get out of him was that it had dragged half of animal in, and looked like it had been ripping it apart. He also said that it was crawling towards us down the hall when he looked out and saw it, and fired two wild shots at it before he tumbled through the window after me.

He told me the worst part was the eyes. He told me that even though it was half covered in blood and gore, that he couldn't get the image of its eyes out of his head. He couldn't tell me what color it was, whether it looked humanoid or walked like a bear or anything. Just these huge, evil, slit pupil eyes. He said the part that clenches his gut the most, the absolute worst thing, is that when he looked into its eyes, he saw something intelligent. He said he just knew that whatever was behind those eyes knew what he was, who he was, and what he was capable of. Like it had probed into his head during that brief second of eye contact.

What if this thing actually is not just some weird animal? Could it actually be capable of evil, instead of just survival? The concept terrifies me more than I can imagine.

Max told me not to go into the woods. He told me I could stay with him. I accepted. I came back home to pack a few things to last me for a few days. I figure as long as I'm out of here by dark, I'll be fine. It doesn't seem like it's all that willing to come out into the open during the daytime. I hope that's true. I'll keep you updated.

Part 3

Things have certainly escalated. Quickly.

I'm not sure what actually happened. I was packing a bag to stay at Max's for a few days. I had every intention of getting out of there well before nightfall. I was sitting in front of the computer, hitting "refresh" here on nosleep every few seconds, hoping somebody would pop out with something new that I could use. Unfortunately, it's still all conjecture. I put my face in my hands, and suddenly I shot back awake several hours later.

It was nighttime. A quick glance at my watch showed me past midnight. The first thing I noticed is how dark it was. The second thing I noticed was how quiet it was. It was eerie quiet. No hum of the AC, no quiet "woosh" of the ceiling fan. I tried to turn on my desk lamp. Nothing happened. My computer was dead. It was a full moon, so I could see some vague shadows created by the dim light coming through the window. I peered through the blinds out to my driveway, where there's normally a streetlight lighting up my car. Nothing. I could just see the dim silhouette of my car.

The power was definitely out.

I stumbled through the room and into the hallway. I made it into the bathroom through my bedroom, and blindly fumbled until I found the cabinet under the sink. I pulled out two of those candles in the painted glass Jesus Loves You jars. What can I say? They last a long time and they're cheap at the dollar store. I found the box of kitchen matches I kept with them, and lit both of them up. Now I could at least see where I was going.

I heard a crack of thunder in the distance. It might be the first time where a crack of thunder made my blood run cold. Normally I enjoy the sound. It's comforting. Relaxing. This time, though, all I could think about was "if it's coming this way, what little light I have from the moon is going to disappear." I really didn't want to be stuck in total darkness with only a couple of Jesus candles to keep me company. I certainly wasn't going to go outside.

Thunder cracked again. Closer. The already dim moonlight got dimmer. I stood there, staring out of a window. For several minutes, I stood there, watching the light of the moon slowly snuff out into inky blackness. And then I was well and truly alone in the dark.

There was a loud thump on the back porch. I wanted it so badly to just have been thunder, but I knew that it wasn't. Another thump. Then another. And another. It sounded like it was pacing the length of the porch. I wondered if I had locked the back door when I came home earlier. I decided to at least go down to the bottom of the stairs to just check the deadbolt from a distance. I creaked my way downstairs, holding my candle out in front of me. It didn't produce much light through the painted glass, but in this total darkness, it was enough.

I reached the landing and turned the corner towards the back door. I crept towards it. I could still hear it thumping along the back porch. Through the dim candle light, I saw the deadbolt. It was unlocked. I cursed myself. I remember thinking of how stupid I had been. I had to get that thing locked before whatever was thumping along noticed. So I waited. I could hear it moving back and forth along the porch. When it sounded like it was on the far side of the porch, I sprinted to the door and hit the deadbolt.

The moment the deadbolt clicked closed, a loud WHUMP against the backdoor. The door shook in its hinges. It threw me back on my ass. I started scrambling backwards away from the door... and then it started tapping. Just a light tapping on the door, like it was poking a finger. I was scared shitless. Somehow, my candle was still lit. I held it in front of me as I tried to crab walk away from the door.

Tap tap tap tap

I made it to the stairs, and finally stood back up. The tapping stopped. I heard a couple more thumps on the back porch. It sounded like it ran off. They were incredibly close together. And then silence. For about two seconds.

Tap tap tap tap

The tapping came from the front door, only a few feet behind me. I nearly killed myself trying to scramble back up the stairs. There were two small windows on either side of the front door. I didn't dare look through them. I made it to the top of the stairs and looked back down them. The tapping had stopped. I didn't hear anything for several breathless seconds. Then the thumping came back.

I heard it thumping on the roof. It had gotten on the roof somehow. I could hear it thumping along, back and forth. I crept my way towards the doorway to my mancave. I needed to get my phone.

Something was here, and I needed the police, quick, fast, and in a hurry. The thumping seemed to follow me as I crept through the upstairs hallway. It seemed to be right over me. The thought that it could somehow track me through a roof scared the shit out of me.

I crept into the computer room. I could see my phone laying on the desk in front of me through the dim candle light. I could see the blackness of the night through the blinds of the windows directly behind my desk.

Except it wasn't completely black. There, just beyond the blinds, were two softly glowing tennis-ball sized orbs of orange light. I stopped in my tracks and stared. It seemed like minutes, but it couldn't have been more than a few seconds.

I remember thinking to myself "that looks an awful lot like eyes reflecti-"

They blinked.

Tap tap tap tap

I yelled some choice vulgarities. I dropped the candle as I ran out of the door. It snuffed out as I slammed the door closed behind me. I stumbled through the darkness. The thumping returned above me. I could see the soft glow of the other candle coming from the bathroom in my bedroom. The thumping made it there before I did.

Tap tap tap tap

It was at the window in my bedroom. I slammed my back up against the wall and quickly scooted towards the bathroom, eyes locked on the window. I realized I was holding my breath.

Tap tap tap tap

I couldn't see it or those huge, glowing eyes through the blinds. I could just hear it tapping on the glass.

Tap tap tap tap

I made it to the bathroom. I slammed the door behind me, locking it. I braced my back against it. I reached up to the counter and grabbed the candle. I held it between my legs, and started praying. I've never been big on praying, but I suppose I was looking for all the help I could get. Through the door, I could still hear a muffled Tap tap tap tap

It was silent for several seconds before I realized it had stopped. I sat there, sitting in the glow of nothing but a single candle for what seemed like ages. I heard it thumping across the roof again. Directly above me.

Suddenly, a huge thump on the outside wall of the house. It sounded like a cannon firing against the side of my house. It thumped again. Then like another cannon, against the adjacent wall. It knew

exactly where I was. I couldn't tell if it was trying to break through, but with the booming thumps, it sure sounded like it.

It seemed like hours. Every couple of minutes, another loud crash against one of the walls, or the roof around me. Occasionally, I could hear it faintly tapping on the window in the bedroom.

I couldn't tell you if I cried or not. I know I wanted to. The thumping, the crashing, the tapping. It never seemed to stop.

The next thing I remember was waking up. Somehow, through everything, I had fallen asleep. I checked my watch. It was almost noon. I wasn't sure when I had passed out, but I had slept a good 8 hours. It was completely dark in the bathroom. I realized my candle had gone out at some point. I could see a sliver of light coming from the bottom of the bathroom door.

My throat was dry, and the air was thick and muggy in the bathroom. The power was still out. I slowly opened the door and peaked out. Nothing in my bedroom looked disturbed. I slowly made my way through the sticky heat of the house. It didn't look like anything had broken in. I decided it was time to leave. I would call the police from Max's apartment when I got there. I grabbed my bag, and my laptop, and made my way outside.

I went through my backdoor, locking it behind me. I was scanning the treeline as I rounded my house going to my car. I wondered if it was watching me. As I got to my car, I stopped dead in my tracks. I dropped my bag and my laptop. It's a wonder I didn't break it.

I found my dog. What was left of her, anyway. Sitting there, on the hood of my car, was the head of my dog. It looked like her neck and part of a shoulder were still attached. Half of the skin and pelt were flayed from her skull. There was just enough of her familiar black and grey spotted pattern to recognize her. This time, I know I cried. I don't know how long I stood there crying, but it took a while.

I buried my dog at the edge of the yard. I didn't care if whatever it was was watching me. I didn't take pictures of my dog. I didn't think about it. Even if I had, I doubt I would have taken pictures anyway. It was the biggest gut punch I've ever experienced. Afterwards, I went and got the bayonet, and I threw it as hard as I could into the woods. I yelled at whatever the hell it was to just leave me alone.

<http://imgur.com/nLvsKeS>

I didn't have much battery left on my phone. But I called the police. I waited for them to come. I had to wash the blood off the hood of my car, anyway. When they got there, I explained to them what had happened. The fridge, the boot, my dog disappearing, the shack, everything. They told me I could stay with a friend if I felt more comfortable until they could have a look around. They said they'd bring in some "experts" or whatever to see if there were any signs of a large animal that strayed too far from its normal habitat. They dismissed most of it as just working myself up over a whole lot of small things that coincided with one another. They told me they saw where a power line had been downed at a pole close to my driveway, and that they would get the utility company out to fix it. I drew them a small map to give them an idea of where everything was in the woods. I thought you guys might like to see it too to get an idea of everything:

<http://imgur.com/OKxaucR>

I'm scared shitless right now. Whatever came to my house last night, I think it was playing with me.

Trying to scare me. With how it was apparently scaling the side of my house and thumping around, there's no way that it couldn't have gotten in if it had wanted to. I think I can safely say that whatever this thing is isn't just a vagrant living in the woods, though.

I'm at Max's apartment now. I'm still waiting to hear back from the police and animal control or whoever. I'm hoping they might have at least one answer for me. I finally told Max absolutely everything that was happening. He was rather upset that I hadn't told him all of this before I dragged him into the woods.

I know one thing for certain now, though.

Max was right about the eyes.

JUST A NOTE

This isn't a proper update. I haven't learned anything new. But I'd like to point out (you know who you are) that I buried what was left of my dog 13 hours ago. I don't have time for your patronization and joking about my dog. I'm also not interested in building any kind of bullshit backstory or mythology to all of this to make it "scarier." I am not a fictional character. I know I'm feeding the trolls at this point, but I'm pretty emotional about my dog. Is that real enough for you?

UPDATE JUNE 19, 2014

I came back to Max's apartment after work. There was a black boot on the door step. It looked like the black boot I found in the woods back when this all first started. I threw it as hard as I could across the parking lot. Sorry, no pictures.

I'm not going back outside tonight. I don't know if it's here or not. I'm really jittery. I'm waiting for Max to come home.

If it followed me here, there's no telling what it's capable of next. We're going to have to deal with this one way or another. And soon.

Fuck my life.

Part 4

First, I'd like to apologize for the long delay in between substantial updates. It's been a pretty quiet week, and the amount of trolls I've had showing up in the comments in my PMs has really kept me from being motivated to stay that active here.

First off, the police didn't find anything. The fridge was found, the shack was found. They said that the shack did seem to be an old grow house, but couldn't find any evidence of it having been used anytime recently. They also didn't tell me anything substantial about the graffiti. They just didn't find anything. Power company fixed my power the afternoon after. They said a line had been ripped down, but they couldn't tell what by. There's not really a tree nearby, so they couldn't say whether it had been some freak tree limb or not. I don't know.

I've been with Max. We haven't talked much about it. I'm not pushing him to describing what he saw. The glowing eyes were enough for me.

Last night, as I mentioned in a short update at the end of the last update, I found a boot that I think might be the brother of the one I originally saw back in those woods. After Max came home, he was livid about it. He's not happy about the idea that it's followed us to his home.

It's hard to describe how guilty I feel. He shouldn't have been a part of this, and now it's coming to his home? I don't really know how to put it other than that it sucks a big one. So, we made a plan. We're going to go back.

He wants to go back to the fridge, and the shack. He wants to see if we can find a clue or some kind of evidence of this thing. Obviously, he's bringing his gun. We planned on going today, since we both have the day off work. Hopefully it's not back "home" yet since it took so long for it to leave us its little present at his house.

That was the plan, anyway. I woke up this morning at around 7AM. I couldn't sleep.

Max was gone.

I tried texting him, calling him. I never got further than his voicemail. I was really, really fucking hoping he was out running errands. I waited for him for a few hours. He never came home. He never called me back.

So I went back to my house, by myself. I was hoping I'd only have to pull down the driveway and be able to turn back around. As I feared, however, Max's car was there already. I won't lie, even though it hasn't been quite as active during the day time, I was terrified and paranoid just walking around the driveway.

He left a note on the windshield.

<http://imgur.com/hxzVXnb>(slightly edited to remove VIN)

<http://imgur.com/KGN5pqb>

Yeah. Fuck. He's already been here for several hours, at least, and hasn't made it back to the car. I think whatever that thing is still might have beat us back here. It must be fast. And durable.

Someone else asked in the last story if the thing had caused any damage on the house, since it was thumping around. So I walked around looking for any sign that it had been there.

<http://imgur.com/rwnte5Z>

This is the only thing I could find. There were no marks on the side of the house anywhere that I could see. All I found was this piece of shingle material in the back yard. I couldn't exactly see exactly where it had been dislodged from.

I also thought I'd show a picture of the window that it had been hanging out in front of when I saw its eyes that night.

<http://imgur.com/19OyOgi>

Nothing really that it could hang onto or stand on very easily.

I found one other thing. I actually found it almost as soon as I got there, but I thought I'd get the more mundane stuff out of the way first.

<http://imgur.com/2w4oTLQ>

This was on my front porch. I think whatever it is brought these for me. It brought the bayonet back. It

also brought this slightly older looking pump shotgun.

The shotgun was empty except for one unused shell in the chamber.

<http://imgur.com/N2QoMhM>

It's 20 gauge. It also looks exactly like the empty shell I found out in the woods.

After I finished looking around, I went to Walmart. I found a box of 20 gauge shells and brought it back with me. I'm not sure of the legality of this shotgun, but at least I have a real weapon now. That makes me feel pretty empowered.

I'm keeping it loaded and in my hand at all times tonight. I'm staying here tonight. I almost went out into the woods, but there's a storm rolling in, and it's starting to get to be closer to night time. I feel reasonably safe having this with me now, though. I even went out and shot at a few cans of old food from the pantry just to get used to it.

If it comes tonight, I'll be as ready for it as I'll ever be. I might have a couple of drinks for my nerves. It's going to be a long night, regardless of where I'm sleeping at. I want it to know that as afraid as I am, that I'm not running this time.

Sorry for the lack of action in this update. My gut tells me that things are coming to a boiling point. I'm going into the woods in the morning when I have plenty of daylight. Hopefully it won't be too stormy or muddy then.

I'll update the few of you who've actually believed me and not talked down to me like I'm stupid, or a pussy, or a liar if anything happens between now and then.

Thanks, guys.

Part 5

Sorry that it took so long. As a result of the uh... events of Saturday, I ended up with a concussion and was held in the hospital over night, and I've been slowly trying to put it all back together in my head since then. My head is pounding.

I'm not sure what woke me up on Saturday morning. I had been drinking, I'm not going to lie. And I must have dozed off. But no strange noises or thumping or tapping at the window. It left me alone Friday night.

When I did wake up, I was a bit hung over. I couldn't remember what awoke me so suddenly. I think it might have been a noise, but between the hangover and the head injury that came later, it's pretty fuzzy to me.

I did walk around the perimeter of the yard looking to see if there was anything. I found something.

<http://imgur.com/64A11u8>

I'm pretty sure it's the tail end of a broken arrow.

<http://imgur.com/msB6Deu>

The end is broken off clean, but it's got an uglier snap halfway through what's left. I'm not sure how to date broken wood, but it looks like a pretty fresh break.

<http://imgur.com/dDFeq5b>

It looks like it might have real feathers instead of fake ones, but I'm not sure. They're really screwed up and ripped up. Also looks like it was tied together with sinew or something.

<http://imgur.com/aYo68g6>

Where the hell did this arrow come from? Why is it broken at the edge of the yard? Is someone else involved in all this? If so, are they on my side?

It took me a little while to get my nerve up. I paced the perimeter of the woods for a long time. I had the camera in my pocket, but I didn't really plan on using it much. It took two hands to work that long ass shotgun, and I wasn't about to put it down to take a picture. I had the bayonet slung over a shoulder. And no, for those of you who asked, it won't fit on a shotgun.

Eventually I just plunged into the woods. I can't even describe the amount of anxiety. I'm not much of a hunter, so creeping through the woods with a weapon on the ready, swinging to aim at nearly every little noise was... intense, I suppose.

It seemed like it took me hours to get through the woods to the clearing. I had decided to go towards the refrigerator first. The clearing was near empty. I could still see bits and pieces of where the cow used to be, but it was all skeletal. It looked like it had been picked clean. I could still see the rocks piled in front of the burrow. I edged towards it. It seemed like time was standing still. I couldn't even hear the familiar sounds of birds.

I peeked into the burrow, but I couldn't see all the way into it. It went pretty deep. I thought about just emptying a few shells into it, just in case, but decided it'd probably be better to not make it super obvious that I was there, if it didn't already know.

I continued on to the refrigerator. I stopped at the edge of it and looked down at it. It was rolled back closed again. I didn't have much of an opportunity to think about whether or not I wanted to open it again. That was a loud cracking in the trees above me. I swung to aim the shotgun above me just in time for something to drop down from the branches almost on top of me. I was knocked backwards from the weight of it.

Because it's my luck, I fell right into the ditch. I rolled down, desperately trying to cling onto the shotgun, before WHAM. The back of my head slammed into the fridge. My vision went white for a split second, before quickly being replaced by stars. I'm sure I yelled or screamed. My memory is a little fuzzy.

I could see what had fallen on me. I'll try my best to describe it, but between the stars and the unbelievability of it all, I don't know exactly how accurate it would be.

It was standing up on two legs. It looked almost human. It was covered in some kind of fur. Somewhere between a dark tan and a greyish color. The knees were reversed from a human's. It looked ridiculous, like it shouldn't be able to stand. I could catch a small glimpse of a tail behind it. The arms looked very human. The fingers were stubby, but definitely were fingers. It had claws. Really big fucking claws.

The head looked almost human. It had triangular ears. It had a pushed up nose. It had a mouth full of very, very sharp looking teeth. And it had huge eyes. Ridiculously huge. Not quite the tennis ball sized

I thought I had seen reflecting, but not too far off the mark.

It loud out a loud, impossibly shrill shriek. It made my head pound harder than it already was. It was truly ear splitting. It crouched down and released another howl.

And then it was on me. It moved so fast I barely had a chance to react. I still had the shotgun in both hands, and raised it up. It slammed on top of me. I thought I tore a tricep trying to push it back off of me. It had one hand/paw thing on the shotgun, pushing it down towards my throat. Its other hand was yanking my hair, pulling my head to the side. It's mouth was open and teeth gnashing in my face. I could feel warm drool hitting my cheek. I could see just how big and green its eyes were. It had slit looking pupils opened wide.

I'm not sure how long I was sitting there trying to hold it off of me. Probably only seconds. It seemed like hours. Suddenly, the weight was off of me. It was rearing back, still pinning me with its hind legs. It released another one of its ear splitting howls. I could see it clawing at its own back.

For a split second, I could swear I saw an arrow sticking out of it. I'm not sure what made me think of it, or how I got it so quickly, but suddenly I had the bayonet in my hand.

I thrust it as hard as I could towards its chest. It sunk down to the hilt a lot more easily than I imagined it would. It screamed again and tried to claw at me. I tried to scramble out from under it. I managed to get one foot free push the thing away from me.

I tried to scramble backwards out of the ditch. It lurched at me again. It landed on the blade of the bayonet again. I hadn't even realized that I had kept a hold of it. I pushed it off to the side, and it held on. I had rolled on top of it.

I pulled the bayonet back out of its chest. I plunged it back in. Again and again and again. I don't know how many times I stuck the full blade into that thing. It stopped moving long before I was finished. The only thing I really remember during it was thinking that there wasn't a whole lot of blood. There was some, I think, but it definitely wasn't gushing or spurting or spraying. I can't be sure.

I was panting. I crawled out of the ditch. It didn't move. I was confused as to where I was. My head was throbbing, my ears were ringing. Everything in my vision was fuzzy. I just started stumbling forward.

My neighbor's wife found me in her back yard sometime later. I don't remember actually walking there, or aiming for there. It was certainly further away than my own backyard. Probably a good mile and a half away.

She called an ambulance. I ended up in the hospital. Outside of a couple of scrapes and bruises, the only real injury I had was a concussion. They kept me overnight. At some point I talked to the police. I told them that Max had gone into the woods at my house, and I went looking for him, and that I was attacked by something and had killed it with a knife and gotten away.

The next day before I left, the police told me that they had found Max's body in the fridge. They said it looked like he had been attacked by a wild cat or mountain lion, and had maybe found his way into the fridge for protection, but had bled out. They're still doing an investigation, I think.

They didn't find another body of anything. I guess they think it either survived and crawled away, or something else had gotten a hold of it and dragged it away.

There's no way it could have survived, could it? It looked like ground hamburger when I had finished. I don't know what to think.

When I finally got to go home, I had to take a cab. I was pretty much on bed rest for the next few days. There was a note stuck into the frame of my front door. I don't know who wrote it or left it.

<http://imgur.com/7tpusVB>

On the back, it looks like it was part of a map. I'm not sure where to. Maybe someone else here knows.

<http://imgur.com/lpup5AX>

I'm not sure what the purpose of the note is. But I definitely think someone else was involved in this whole thing. Maybe whoever it was took that things body. Maybe they're shooting goddamn arrows for some reason.

I left the shotgun and the bayonet at the fridge. I never heard about either of them from anybody, either. In retrospect, I'm not sure what I saw and fought and (maybe?) killed. The closest out of all the suggestions I heard was maybe a wampus cat. It certainly fits for the area we're in, and while not all the details seem to be exact, it seems like the closest.

I just hope it's over. I've already lost too much. A friend of mine is dead because of it.

I'm not sure what happens from here. I'm not sure how much more time I'll spend on reddit at the moment. I need some time to decompress. And to heal. My head is still pounding after trying to put this all back together.

Thanks.

I Wish She'd Just Been Cheating on Me

by [outfromtheashes](#)

Part 1

My girlfriend and I have been together for over two years now, and our relationship had been going great. We loved to cook together, dance together, play video and board games together, and she even got me to run with her in the mornings (an impressive accomplishment, let me tell you.) We spent a lot of time together, and I loved every minute of it. I loved every beautiful aspect of her. I was ready to ask her to marry me and had even bought a ring. That's when she started disappearing.

After she gets off work, she usually stops by our place, and we decide what we're going to do that night. She's always been spontaneous and doesn't like to plan ahead. She called me and told me that she was going to go out for drinks with her coworkers and would come by later that evening. I was happy that she was going to hang out with other friends, and I know that interaction with other friends is important in any healthy relationship. So I was happy she was having fun.

I sat there watching a marathon of a car show on Netflix that she doesn't like to watch with me, and when I had binged two complete seasons, I realized that it was getting really late. She had to work the next morning, and happy hour had ended a long time ago. I tried calling and texting her, but she never answered. I started to get worried and paranoid (as you do when you care about someone, thinking that they've been in an accident or something). After hours of freaking out, she finally came home at 3:00am.

Relieved, annoyed, and curious—I tried to ask her where she'd been. She gave a vague answer about being out with her coworkers, and she said that she was really tired and drunk and just wanted to go to sleep. I decided to set the curiosity and annoyance aside and decide to just be okay that she was home safe with me.

That was the first night, and every night after that, she'd have a different excuse with a different activity that she was doing. At first, it didn't bother me too much. I knew that she needed to have some time to herself and didn't need to spend every moment with me. It wasn't until she gave the excuse that she was going to get a mani-pedi with her best friend and came home with neither manicured fingernails nor toenails that I became truly suspicious.

Anytime that I tried to confront her about it, she got very defensive, shouting at me that I needed to trust her and that we didn't need to spend all our time together. The only problem is that we were now almost no waking time together. She would come home exhausted and would always go right to sleep. We'd not had sex in weeks.

Because of all these factors, I had to assume the worst that she had found someone else and was cheating on me. I was devastated but had to know for sure before I went ahead and ended things with her. (I loved her, after all, and had been planning on marrying her, but ongoing infidelity like this is a dealbreaker for me.) I decided that I needed to follow her to know for sure.

I called in sick for work yesterday and waited outside her office in a rented car so that she wouldn't

notice me when I followed her. She left out the back door of her building at exactly 5:01pm and almost ran to her car. She backed up and pulled out with a screech, and I followed her. I followed her through downtown, past a suburb, and into an industrial yard. At this point, I was baffled and frankly scared. This was not exactly a typical clandestine romantic rendezvous locale.

I saw her park her car and enter a building. I drove around the back and parked my own car and found a fire escape was next to a small, broken, and grimy window. Through it, I could see and hear fairly well, but unless someone specifically looked for me, they wouldn't ever notice me. I saw that there were about thirty people gathered. The large warehouse space was bare except for a couple of tables with hors d'oeuvres and drinks and something that looked like a tetherball pole without the ball. The people there were greeting my girlfriend and a few others who had just arrived.

At first, it seemed like a normal social gathering—talking, laughing, eating, and drinking. But suddenly, as, I'm assuming, the last person arrived everyone got quiet and began to sit down. There were no seats in the building, so the only place to sit was on the floor. They didn't all sit down at once. One person stood to the right of the pole; my girlfriend sat to her right, slightly angled, the third sat to her right—again, slightly angled. This continued, everyone sitting down one at a time, in turn, until all of them but two sat down, forming a spiral formation, with the pole at the center.

One person remained standing on the outside of the spiral formation. I thought that she was going to go to her spot and sit down on the end of the spiral. Instead, she stopped just before the beginning of the spiral formation and removed all her clothing. People kept their eyes fixed directly in front of them, everyone remained unnaturally immobile. The woman, now wearing nothing but large golden hoop earrings, began to walk forward, very slowly, right next to where people were sitting. As she passed the first man, I saw him extend both his hands, which held a box cutter each, and he cut her legs once each as she walked by. She grimaced but otherwise didn't react as the first man cut her and said, "One. Two." He put his hands down once he made the cuts and pronounced the words. He turned his head slowly to face the second person. The speed of his head turn matched the pace at which the naked woman walked. At the same moment she was directly in front of the second person, the first man's head was turned to look directly at the second person. Person number two extended her arms, which contained two pieces of broken glass, and cut the nude woman, just above the first man's cuts, as she said, "Three. Four."

The same thing continued as the woman made her way through the spiral. Each person would cut the woman twice and say what number of cut they were, and she would proceed forward as the last cutter turned their head toward the next person. They never moved their heads after they had turned. They just kept their eyes fixed on the back of the next person's head. She reached my girlfriend, who cut her saying, "Sixty-one. Sixty-two." My girlfriend slowly turned to the standing woman next to her, staring at her leg.

The woman did her two cuts, but rather than a cut on the legs as the other cuts were, she did a cut on her breasts, bifurcating each nipple, "Sixty-three. Sixty-four." The naked woman then proceeded to the pole. Her nipples were now streaming blood that trickled down her torso, and the blood droplets intermingled with the other cuts on her legs and feet, which were now glossed in red. She stood with her back to the pole, and reached up with her hands, grabbed hold of her gold hoop earrings, and pulled as she screamed, "Sixty-five. Sixty-six!" The earrings ripped through her earlobes, and she let

the earrings drop and tinkle on the ground.

She put her hands behind her back, around the pole, and the person standing next to her proceeded to wrap her hands with duct tape so that the naked woman was bound to the pole. The woman facing her began to speak as she pulled out a stack of photographs from one pocket and something that looked like a doll's head from the other. She said, "May you have the strength to do what I cannot! One!" As she said that, she took one of the photos and pulled a needle from the doll's head (it must have been a pincushion) and pinned the photo onto the naked woman, right in the middle of her chest. The woman on the pole screamed as the needle entered her flesh.

As the needle entered, everyone's heads snapped back in unison so that they were all facing forward again. Then the person at the end, as if receiving a signal from somewhere, turned his head to face the person next to him. This started a chain reaction, like some sort of fucked up wave, down the line. Once my girlfriend turned toward the person facing the bound woman, who pinned another photo (it looked as if it was of a man) to the woman, "Two!" Everyone's heads snapped back.

This continued for a very long time, until the woman pronounced "Sixty-five!" as she drove yet another pin into the woman's shoulder to hold down a photo of the same man. She then unsheathed a long knife that had been at her side. She cut the tape that bound the naked, now bloody and shaking, woman's hands, and she handed the knife over. The domino heads started again until it reached the center, and the woman facing the bleeding woman handed her the last needle and the last photograph. The naked woman took them, and said, "May I have the strength to do what you cannot! Sixty-six!" She inserted the pin right into her belly button and held yet another photo in place.

This seemed to be the end of the ritual as everyone began to clap and stand up. They went up to the two women at the end and appeared to be congratulating them. My girlfriend was one of the first to talk to them, and I noticed the pincushion doll head get passed to her.

I had to go. I couldn't let them find me here. Who knows what they would do to me if they found me? I quietly pulled away, with my headlights off, and drove to a hotel and paid with cash. There was no way in hell that I was going to stay at home.

I texted my girlfriend and told her that I had a last-minute business trip I had to take and would be out of town. She texted me back saying that she really wanted me back the next day. I told her I wasn't sure if I'd be able to. She sent me a photo of her boobs and said, "I'll make it worth your while." Not wanting to let on that anything was wrong, I text her back, "You make two very compelling arguments. I'll be back at all costs!"

The next day, I waited until I was sure that she was at work and went to gather my stuff. Adrenaline pumped through me as I gathered up as many of my things as quickly as I could. I was in the bedroom when I felt chills run through me and my stomach turn. Sitting on her nightstand was [the doll head pincushion](#) and a stack of photos turned upside down. I went over to them and flipped the photos over. They were of me, sixty-six of them to be exact, and there was one pin to match each photo stuck in the pincushion.

She keeps texting me and sexting me, trying to make sure I'm home tonight. I don't know what's going on or what to think, but I wish she'd just been cheating on me.

Part 2

I packed up my things as quickly as possible, trying at the same time to be thorough because I didn't want to leave behind anything that she could use for any other rituals. I don't know much about the occult, but I doubt that she needed those photos or that pincushion for the ritual. She could find more needles, buy another pincushion, and print more photos. But it couldn't hurt if I took them, right?

After I had gathered all of my things, I decided to look amongst her belongings to ensure she wasn't hiding anything else of mine. I didn't find anything, but I decided to take the iPad that she had in the nightstand. About the only thing she would do when she got home after she began disappearing was spend time on the iPad. I know that it's theft, but she also was planning on doing some sort of magic on me (or already had), so I decided to take it and call us even. Maybe there would be something on there to indicate what she'd been up to.

I went to my bank and closed out my account, making sure that I had plenty of cash. I didn't want to take any unnecessary risks. I turned off the GPS on my phone so that the location couldn't be tracked. The only thing that I could think of that was a little risky is that I kept my own car, but I couldn't afford a new one or to keep renting one. Also, some relatively small, random cult is going to have a hard time tracking a one silver Toyota Corolla (Is there a spell for that?). I got in the car and drove. The whole time I was driving, I kept getting texts from my girlfriend, asking if I thought that I would be home later that evening from my business trip. I tried not to let on that anything was wrong and told her that I was on my way to the airport. It was 4:45pm when I told her that, so I knew it wouldn't be long until she realized I'd left her.

I kept driving. It was 5:10pm, and my phone started vibrating like mad with texts and phone calls, all from her. I ignored her and kept driving. I was starting to get tired and was dangerously close to falling asleep. The adrenaline that had been pumping through me for the last 24 hours finally had stopped, and the lack of sleep was taking its toll on me. I decided to take a random highway and drive a little further until I arrived at a tiny little town that only had one small hotel. It was in the middle of nowhere, and there was no way that anyone could find me.

Just to be safe, I parked my car out of sight away from the hotel, checked in using an alias, and paid in cash. I went into the room and checked my cell phone. Her texts and voicemails were a load of crap, just questions about where I was and what I was doing. She asked me why I left her and why I didn't say anything beforehand. She told me how hurt she was and how much she wanted me to just come home. She wanted to just talk things out. She expressed concern for me and begged me to at least call her. She made no mention of the photographs or of the pincushion. Fed up with her bullshit, I turned off my phone and immediately tried to fall asleep. I slept for maybe fifteen minutes and was startled awake by a noise. My heart pounding, I looked around for what it was, and I saw it—the wall unit air conditioner had kicked on.

Still jarred from the air conditioner incident, I realized I was obviously too on edge to sleep, and I decided to take a look at the iPad. It took me a while to find anything important. Her internet search history was clean. The email account linked to the iPad was empty and didn't have anything important in it. I went through a few apps until I saw a shopping list app. I opened it up, and I saw a list that she had made:

- Box of needles
- Candles, assorted – black, white, red
- Rose water
- Salt
- Offerings (hair, nail clippings, blood, semen) from the one to be bound

Underneath the list, as if they were other items to pick up, were written the following words:

- Abençoe essas agulhas
- Nesta chama da paixão.
- Permita-lhes fazer
- Duas almas uma.

I pasted the words into Google translate, which identified them as Portuguese, and I came up with the following translation, “Bless these needles in this flame of passion. Allow them to make two souls one.” I looked through and found other spells, most of them seemingly innocent enough. I found instructions on how to make and bless the pincushion to be an extension of the caster’s mind. As I read through the spells she had done and planned to do, I was simultaneously sickened, saddened, and relieved. Sickened because she felt that she had to do something this extreme for me. I mean, there’s no way that you can look at the ritual she and her group did and not say that it’s fucked up. Also, she collected my “offerings”; that’s disgusting and violating. Saddened because I had loved her, and to me, it seems that love should be a strong enough bond without having to resort to dark magic. Relieved because at least it didn’t seem like she intended on harming me.

No matter what her intentions are or were, there’s no way that I could go back to her. I’d still rather she cheated on me than this. I feel so violated and am still terrified from the ceremony. But after reading her spells, I didn’t feel quite so scared and was able to fall asleep. I slept most of the day today.

When I woke up, I turned my phone on, and I had over twenty new messages from my girlfriend (I guess I can call her my ex now). At first, they were pleas for me to come home or talk to her. Then, as if a switch flipped, she was irate, demanding that I call her. Some of her later texts were:

1. Pick up the fucking phone! Do you have any idea what I could do to you?! You are mine! Answer me!!
2. I don’t know what you’ve seen, but I know you found the needles and the pictures. I don’t know what else you know, but I’m sure you can guess what I’m capable of.
3. You’re going to regret this.
4. I will find you, and you will beg to be with me again. I’ll make sure of it!
5. I will fuck you up, and you will love it!
6. I will find you.
7. [Picture message](#) – I will find you; just try and leave where you are, asshole. BTW, I had already made extra needles. ;)

I opened the picture, and I was filled with dread. A rectangle, lined with salt with four different-colored bent needles in each corner. Inside the salt are exactly sixty-six drops of blood (mine or hers, I'm not sure) and hair in the center, which I'm sure is mine. I'm a dirty blonde, and she has jet black hair.

I don't normally believe in this kind of stuff, but my palms started sweating. I began to shake as the room grew hotter and hotter, the walls quickly closing in on me. I felt glued to my chair. I couldn't move. I tried to reason with myself that this was all psychosomatic, that the only reason that this was even happening was because I was beginning to believe it. It took a while, but I finally got myself calm and decided that this was all stupid. A part of me wanted to just walk out the door just to prove to myself that I could leave, but I knew I could leave anytime I wanted. Some bogus spell wasn't going to stop me from leaving.

After watching some television to clear my head, I decided to type this update up just to let you all know that I'm safe now. I'm about to read through the comments on my first post (I'm overwhelmed by the number of you who have expressed concern for me.) to see if any of you can give me a better idea of what is going on. Feel free to comment here and let me know if you have any other ideas.

But again, I'm safe. You don't need to worry. I've used cash everywhere. Not even I knew where I was going when I was driving. I'm not using my real name. She can't find me.

Shit, getting a text:

Hi, sweetie, you forgot to turn off the "Find my iPad" app.

A knock on the door.

Part 3

Please accept my sincerest apologies. My beautiful girlfriend has been dabbling in some magic, but nothing as serious as what it seemed like in my posts. The information that I found on the iPad was real, but the ritual that I saw was not. We had gotten drunk and then taken a trip together (yes, that kind of trip) the night before I wrote that first post. We had tried to do a bit of magic to bind us together forever. We used [the pincushion](#) and did that Portuguese blessing on the needles. I guess I proposed to her too, but I don't remember it. (Kind of takes away the specialness of it.) Anyway, she went to work early the next day as I took some more mushrooms, and I had a really bad trip. So I naturally freaked out because I could only remember the bad part of my trip, which I detailed in part one. So I hastily fled.

Save a few of the mushrooms, we had taken them all that other night. To distract myself from the anxiety after finding the spells on the iPad, I took the rest of them. One of the spells that was on the iPad was a spell of protection, which I ended up doing because I felt genuinely scared. (So that's [the picture](#) you saw in part two.) My wonderful girlfriend (I guess fiancée now!) never sent any of the upset texts that I reported. She has only ever expressed love and concern for me. When she knocked on the door, she couldn't convince me to let her in. It was then that she realized that I must be tripping. It's actually kind of a funny story. I wouldn't let her in while I thought it was her, so she waited for a minute, threw her voice, and pretended to be a pizza delivery person. I let her in right away.

Me and my stunningly gorgeous fiancée were finally able to talk it out once I let her in. It took a little bit for her to convince me that I was tripping. It took some time for the combined effects of the mushrooms, weed, and alcohol to wear off. She had to confine me to the bathroom while she waited for me to come down. I told her what I remembered, and she explained that it wasn't real, that it was a bad trip. It took me a little while to remember, but eventually, the memory of taking the mushrooms returned. Now I have to laugh about it.

...

I'm back home, and there's nothing to worry about. I want to thank all of you for expressing your concern for me and giving ideas about what I should do, even though there was absolutely no cause for alarm. You are an amazing community of supportive people, and I want to thank you for everything.

Not trying to get too sentimental here because nosleep is probably not the right place to post this, but I really love my fabulous fiancé; we are so happy together. We're thinking an October wedding, just as the weather begins to cool. What do you think? I'd love to hear back from you. I consider you all my friends now. Because of this, I'm sure you'll be glad to know that my soon-to-be wife and I are incredibly happy together. We are together now, and I'm more than okay.

Safe.

Part 3.5

I've been a Redditor for four months, ever since my (now ex) boyfriend introduced me to Reddit. I quickly came to love the website. There was always something interesting to read, so many subreddits to explore, and r/nosleep quickly became my favorite. I've always been fascinated by the paranormal and I will admit without embarrassment that I believe in the existence of ghosts, monsters and magic. Plus, ever since my ex left, the creepy tones of these stories mirrored the dark thoughts and emotions that often haunted me. Although reading r/nosleep stories always gave me a thrill, I never believed any of the stories. I always believed that -although presented as real- they were fiction. But that changed after I read a story titled "I Wish She'd Just Been Cheating on Me."

Due to my relationship issues, I felt a deep connection with the author as he shared his story. The story had a strange sense of familiarity. I waited anxiously for each update, not because I wanted to be entertained, but because -before I realized it- I felt genuine concern for the author. I worried for him. It kept me up at night. Silly, I know, but I was terrified for him. But after reading the third update (and catching the hidden message) my fear escalated into a full blown panic attack. I forced myself to calm down and I waited for an update. I was relieved to eventually see the author commenting on other works, but I couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong. His comments seemed...different. He wasn't the type of author who made frequent grammatical errors, yet many of his recent comments were littered with them. Plus he hadn't posted a story in three days (unusual for him; he posts frequently). But I managed to convince myself that I was overreacting to the entire situation, until I saw a certain comment. In this comment, a few letters had been bolded, seemingly randomly. But, to my horror, after I strung the letters together I was left with a hidden message that read "help me." That was enough for me to take action. The only problem was that I had no idea how to help him, or

even where he was. What was I supposed to do? Call the police and tell them that a story gave me a feeling that a man (who I didn't know) was in danger? Of course not. Despite this, I still had a dreadful premonition about him. He needed help. I knew it. So what did I decide to do? I found my knife, I got in my car and I drove. I didn't know where I was driving, but I drove. And the longer I drove the more concerned I became. Where was he? Was he okay? What was she doing to him? Is he even still alive? These thoughts and fears flooded my mind for hours I finally stopped in front of an abandoned warehouse. Grabbing my knife, I got out of my car to get some fresh air and stretch my legs, and was surprised to find that night had fallen. I was quite annoyed with myself for being so irresponsible and driving aimlessly for so long. But before I had a chance to dwell on my own stupidity, it happened. I don't know how -I'll never know how- but I entered the warehouse and...

It was him. Tethered naked and unconscious to a pole that stood in the center of a spiral of what appeared to be blood, was the author. Although I had never met or even seen him, there was no doubt in my mind as to who this was. Then it hit me. The ritual he spoke of; this is where it took place. It was the same warehouse. Somehow, somehow, I found him. Against all odds, I found him. I can't explain it, but my concern, my anxiety, my love(?) had led me to him. The fear that brought us together lessened when I realized he was breathing, but my heart caught in my throat when I saw the blood streaming down the numerous cuts on his body. I ran to him in an attempt to help, but was frozen in place when I saw pictures pinned on every inch of his bare torso... pictures of me.

Slowly, curiosity and concern overcame my fear and I approached him, relaxing my grip on the knife I had instinctively drawn. When I closed in, he stirred, groaning softly from the pain caused by the movement. He lifted his head and looked directly in my eyes. They were glazed over, as though he was drugged, but I could swear I saw a spark of recognition in their murky brown depths. But suddenly the murkiness cleared and was replaced by a look of panic as he became more coherent. He tried to speak but could form no sound, weakened as he was. I tried to talk to him, but was interrupted by the hiss of a whisper tickling my ear.

"Beautiful, isn't he?"

Suddenly I was violently shoved into the man I wanted desperately to save and we both screamed in pain. The force of the impact embedded the pins deeper into his body, bringing forth fresh blood. It dripped from his torso and landed on my knife, which had sliced into my abdomen. I cried again as I pulled the knife out and turned to face our attacker. A woman stood in front of us. She must have been the girlfriend from the story. I hadn't pictured her looking so crazy, hair frizzed, sweat dripping off her body. Yet at the same time, she looked calm and determined; her brow was furrowed in concentration and her jaw jutted forward as she lunged at us.

Overcome with a protective instinct, I flew towards her and successfully knocked her away from him, sending us both to the ground, my knife slipping from my hand. We landed with a thud on the concrete, my wounds screaming with intense pain. Ignoring the agony, I managed to subdue her by pinning her legs beneath my knees and holding her wrists against the cold, hard floor.

We lay there, her pinned under my body. I could smell iron as blood dripped from my wound onto her stomach. She fought to break my grip, but I refused to give her the opportunity to hurt the man who stirred such emotions in me. Powerful and strange emotions. He really was beautiful.

As if reading my mind, the crazed woman under me dryly chuckled, and triumphantly proclaimed, "He will always be mine!"

With a renewed strength, she pushed me off of her. I grabbed my knife and hurried to my feet. She pulled herself up and with a cry turned to attack once more. But I was ready for her. As soon as her eyes met mine, I thrust the blood-soaked knife into her chest, piercing her heart. With a final scream, she collapsed. Without injury, an unbearable pain swelled in my chest. I blacked out before she hit the ground.

By the time I came to, sunlight filled the warehouse. I found myself on top of the woman, who was most definitely dead. I retrieved my knife, wiping the blood on her blouse. I stood and was surprised to find just how weak the night had left me. Summoning all my remaining strength, I made my way towards the pole. My wounds still open, blood spilled onto the ground, adding to the spiral that led to him.

He was unconscious. I removed the pins from his body and cut the bindings that tethered him to her. I'm not sure how, but I managed to get him to my car. We went back to my house, where I cleaned and dressed our wounds. He's still sleeping, but I know he'll be fine; I'll make sure of it.

So, here I am, back on Reddit, typing out this story, unable to believe any of this really happened. I never thought that any of these stories were real, but I just hope that this one is over.

*EDIT: I know several of you want to hear from him, and we're both touched by your concern. He tried to give you an update, but it was removed due to the sub's rule that parts of a series must be posted 24 hours apart. Don't worry, he will post Part Four as soon as he can.

Part 4

As you all know by now, the “ending” posted in Part Three is bullshit, so let me fill you in on what really happened.

When I heard the knock on the door, I didn't know what to do. I looked around for any furniture that wasn't bolted down so that I could block the entranceway to the door. The only thing I saw was a coffee table (a flimsy Ikea one at that), but I figured it was better than nothing, so I propped it up against the door and made sure both the deadbolt and chain lock were secure. Then I ran into the back of the hotel room and into the bathroom. I had hoped that maybe there would be a window in the bathroom out of which I could escape. Of course, I had no such luck, and I thought of anywhere else I could go—a wall or window I could somehow break through.

Just as I realized and accepted that the only way out besides the front door in the entire hotel room was the front window, I heard it shatter and crash to the ground. As I stepped out of the bathroom, I saw the linen curtains get wrenched back. Behind them, silhouetted against the fluorescent lighting from the hallway, was my ex-girlfriend holding something with black and yellow markings in her hand.

She ran towards me, and I tried to get away from her. I was just about to escape back into the bathroom when it clicked what she was holding, and the taser clicked right after that, releasing its probes to enter my body. I felt them enter my back and felt its effects throughout. I went completely

rigid as the electricity coursed through me. I hope you don't ever have to go through that, but it's like fifty heavyweight boxers decide to stand around you, each choosing their own spot, and punch every inch of you simultaneously. I lost all muscle control, but was perfectly cognizant of what was going on around me. I remember thinking, as I was falling to the ground, that it would be really anticlimactic if my life ended because I fell down and my head cracked open on the bathtub I was about to hit. There was absolutely nothing I could do to stop it. I hit the bathtub with a thud, and I fell to the floor and continued seizing as she kept sending electricity through me.

She walked over to me and took out a syringe. She stopped the electricity, bent down as I started regaining muscle control, inserted the needle, and pushed down on the syringe. A cool heaviness spread throughout my body as I heard her say, "I promised you I'd fuck you up. Do you remember the second part of the promise, sweetie?" as I slipped into unconsciousness, for the first time of many that would come in the next couple days.

We stayed in the hotel room for a couple of days. I was kept under tight watch but was allowed to submit responses and comments on this story so that people wouldn't worry about me (thus the ridiculous part three). Fortunately, my ex never was the brightest, so she never caught on to my formatting tricks. I'm glad all of you, especially the beautiful [/u/Fillimilli](#), did.

She would leave me sedated in the hotel most of the day while she was out. I was never sure what she was doing. It almost seemed she was waiting for something. I'm not sure what was going on. After one short out of consciousness, during which I hid yet another bold plea for help on Reddit, she grabbed my arm and thrust the needle in. I felt the familiar pharmaceutical-enhanced sleep come over me again.

When I woke up, I was somewhere completely different. I was very groggy and, I could tell, very drugged. I'm trying my best to remember everything and won't describe everything with perfect detail. Feelings came first, and one feeling screamed out above even the terror, the anger, the panic, and the anxiety. It was the pain. I cannot describe to you the pain. It felt like there were dozens of needles pushed deep into my flesh, like getting a hundred injections all at the same time, but the nurse never pulls them out but keeps moving the needle around, trying to find the vein. I slowly opened my eyes, and I saw that the way I had imagined the pain turned out to be absolutely true. Needles everywhere, covering my naked body. I appeared to be bound and had various cuts across my body. Sweat intermingled with the blood, the mixture stinging every open wound.

I opened my eyes a little bit more, and I saw a figure coming towards me. My vision still blurry, I tried to make out the face, but I couldn't before the strain from lifting my head was too much, and I nodded back down and looked at the pictures pinned to me. I had expected them to be of my girlfriend, but they were of someone far more beautiful than I could have imagined (and she seriously is beautiful, it wasn't just anesthesia goggles). I felt a calming presence and looked back up, and it was the same woman as in the pictures. I remember thinking that she looked like an angel, her blonde hair illuminated like a halo by the single light that was on.

It was then that I realized where I was. It was the exact warehouse in the industrial park where I had watched the blood magic ceremony. I don't know why that realization came as a shock to me, but it did, and I began to be frantic, trying to communicate to my angel that she needed to be careful. My

mouth didn't cooperate with my thoughts, and my panic (and I'd imagine incoherence) grew stronger as I saw a dark figure approaching from behind the beautiful girl. She said something to me that I couldn't understand, but then I heard the voice of my ex-girlfriend, "Beautiful, isn't he?"

My angel was shoved into me, the pain of the collision overwhelming. While I'd been unable to produce intelligible words up to this point, a scream escaped my lips as the pins were forced even deeper into my flesh. I felt fresh, warm blood—her blood—drip from her abdomen onto me. She had been holding a knife that must have accidentally cut her when she'd fallen.

Miraculously, neither she nor I had been severely injured, and she managed to get up. The rest of the details are really fuzzy because the pain was so overwhelming. She has already filled you in on the details as she remembers them, but I do remember brief bursts of motion: the two of them lying on the ground, my angel pinning my ex to the ground. The beautiful girl looked at me, as if receiving strength from me. My ex screamed, "He will always be mine!" In the next moment, it seemed, somehow they were both standing, and my angel thrust the knife into my ex's chest.

With that motion and a unified scream from the two, they collapsed to the floor, my savior on top of my ex. They both had stopped moving, and I tried to yell, but only produced feeble noises. I was terrified what would happen to me and to the girl who had tried to rescue me, but then I noticed that my ex-girlfriend wasn't breathing, and the other girl was. I knew everything would be okay.

I sat there in excruciating pain for a while, still bound to the pole. I didn't have much light or even much to look at to distract me from the pain. I looked at the pictures that were covering me. The girl looked familiar, but I couldn't place her. The more I looked at her, both in picture form, and in real life, I knew that I was destined to be with her. I'd never believed in soul mates, but as minute after painful minute ticked by, I knew she was mine. And I knew I was hers. Recognition and connection like this can only come from some cosmic bond between two people.

As I was looking at the pictures, I noticed that there was something pinned to my foot that was not a picture. It appeared to be a short note—maybe a spell, I surmised, and I turned my leg so I could read it. It was in my ex-girlfriend's handwriting, barely legible on the blood-soaked paper:

When I found out my body couldn't have children,

I knew I couldn't have you forever.

You must hate me,

But I will love you for the rest of your life.

And you will love it.

I wasn't sure what to make of her letter and frankly didn't/don't care. I'm done with the bitch. With that thought, I fell asleep, overwhelmed by the exhausting pain.

When I woke up, I was somewhere I didn't recognize, but all the needles had been extracted. My wounds bandaged and nursed. I looked up and saw her, my angel, on the computer. She just had finished typing her account of the story when I managed to walk over to her and kissed her softly. It started out soft, but then it grew passionate as we knew we were meant for one another. Words weren't even necessary; we just knew it.

I think I'm falling in love with her. She's so wonderful, and I felt the bond between us grow when we made love. Every time I look over at her, she somehow becomes more beautiful. I can't even imagine how breathtaking she will be when her wounds—her cut abdomen, shredded legs, bifurcated nipples, and torn earlobes—heal.